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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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History and Bias

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN, offering not long ago what he called the "desultory thoughts of an unscholarly layman" to English and American historians assembled in conclave at King's College, challenged contemporary doctrine by taking up the cudgels for biased history. Shocked educators throughout the world could doubtless be found in numbers to make protest against such heresy, yet there is no denying force to Mr. Baldwin's doctrine. After all, to the young at least, and it was particularly of the young that the Prime Minister was speaking, it is not detachment but partisanship which makes appeal. Youth itself feels hotly, and gives of itself most lavishly where its fancy is enlisted. It knows no pains too severe to endure for what it cherishes, and will evince infinite patience with detail once its ardor is awakened. Its code is that of championship, and it carries its habit of conduct over into its intellectual reactions.

Set before a child a compendium of historical data, admirably devoid of all personal bias, and consequently in all likelihood without the quickness of enthusiasm that is bred in the heat of advocacy or hostility, and you are apt to leave him cold to history. But present him with that same history, vitalized by the strong sap of admiration or hatred, and he will in all probability respond to it with lively interest. You will have made a reader of history, even though you have not made a historian. You will have persuaded him that history is of the stuff of his daily living, envisaged though it be through a gap of years, and that the figures of history are no lay models but men and women moved by the same loves, and hates, and ambitions that spur on the personalities of his day. A little bias, a little partisanship go a long way to make the past live. And yet, and yet. . . . What is to become of history as truth, and the force of history as example, if it is not to have freedom from prejudice and exaggeration? What is there left to energize it if fervor is to be eliminated from its chronicle?

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Imagination, we suppose, and by imagination we mean not only that gift of foresight that permits its fortunate owner to descry the future, but that hardly less rare gift which permits him to look into the past and recreate it as it was lived. The historian's imagination, indeed is in this different from the poet's, that whereas the poet's builds on the basis of reality an ideal world, the historian's in projecting itself out of the present must evolve a real one. This world it evolves must be clothed in the garments of fact, and yet if it is to be more than inanimate data, it must be invested with spirit, and color, and movement. It must, in fact, have what life itself has, an overlay of romance relieving the drab struggle and monotony of existence. It must embody the dreams as well as the achievements and the failures of nations, the serenity of their undistinguished years as well as the heroisms of their lofty ones. All nations have their dreams, whether they be of liberty, equality, fraternity, or, less worthily, of a place in the sun. What makes history moving, and inspiring, and tragic, is exactly the measure of relation between its aspirations and its realizations.

What makes it fascinating is such presentation as depicts the development of political society as a continuous evolution, proceeding not without disaster and agony, not without pitiful backslidings, but nevertheless with majesty. Imagination ranges further than emotion. History that is written with imagination will be biased, perhaps, but not partisan, for its bias will be not for an individual or a cause, but for mankind and the march of humanity. It will have the compulsion of a passionate enthusiasm without its distortions. It will have the virtues of biased history without its dangers.

Chateau de Missery

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

"HERE is a place where poems might be made." . . .
But in the linden arch such matins twittered,
Fish swam such curves beneath the balustrade,
The poet paused and found himself embittered.
Stubble was savory by the grasscut edge,
The sun decanted Meursault-colored shine,
And shamed by random mosses on the ledge
He corked the inkpot and uncorked the wine.

Here every shape outrhymes the poet's wit:
In every view such harmonies are spoken
New-joinered verses will not do; he fears.
Bring out some strong old sonnet, polished fit,
Plain as these grainy panels, dark and oaken,
Rubbed and sweetened by Burgundian years.

This Week

"Human Shows, Far Phantasies, Songs, and Trifles." Reviewed by *William Savage Johnson.*

"Sheridan to Robertson." Reviewed by *Hazelton Spencer.*

"A History of English Literature." Reviewed by *Karl Young.*

"The Secret of High Wages." Reviewed by *Bartlet Brebner.*

"Memories of Forty-Eight Years." Reviewed by *Major T. H. Thomas.*

"The Silver Spoon." Reviewed by *Homer E. Woodbridge.*

"The Region Cloud." A Review.

"Mannequin." Reviewed by *Gladys Chandler Graham.*

"Circe's Island and The Girl and the Faun." Reviewed by *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*

The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

Trevelyan's "History of England." Reviewed by *W. S. Hayward.*

"Ways of Escape." Reviewed by *Grace Frank.*

Henry Ford in This World

By REXFORD GUY TUGWELL

MR. FORD in collaboration with Samuel Crowther has again set down his view of things,* which must be interesting to all of us in a double sense. First and foremost, Mr. Ford represents better than any living person the American industrial wonder and everyone would like to know the meaning of it if that can be discovered. But second, we should like to know what it all leads to, what the new society being created under our eyes will be like. Perhaps, one thinks, in picking up what such a man has written, he has given some thought to the results of the prodigious stir in the world which whirls out from the factories. And perhaps he has a gift for conveying it.

It must be said for Mr. Ford that he does feel a sense of responsibility and that he does try to see what is best to be done. There are those who say that the Ford system is not the product of ingenuity but is one of those phenomena which happen at a certain conjunction of events, regardless of personality. This is probably too bold a statement of the matter. For the Ford industries have proved to have a life within themselves. They have not merely surmounted one obstacle, they have surmounted many, have not merely met one problem, but met a multitude of them. And power has been added unto power. At least we can say that Mr. Ford has not stood in the way of progress. At most, we must admit that he has met opportunity everywhere and has, with a kind of genius, turned it to good account.

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The Ford idea seems a simple one at first, but it possesses a host of unconsidered implications no one of which can be neglected in the long run because it is almost certain to involve material changes in the world. The essential idea is to produce, as cheaply as is humanly possible, something people will very willingly buy. The Ford activity happens to center on motors. Directly this leads to large scale operation, to well-considered assembly of materials, to highly machinized operation, to the greatest possible substitution of natural powers for human labor, and to the smooth distribution of the product. Indirectly it is seen to lead to the revolutionizing of home life, of habits of consuming, of ways of amusement and worship, of our agricultural system, of our customary organization of labor associations, and, in fact, of all human relationships, if we were to trace out causes and consequences carefully.

After reading what Mr. Ford has to say about all this—and he has something to say of at least a considerable part of it—one must admit that much he says is sound, and some of it illuminating; but also one feels that some of it is nonsense. As might perhaps be expected, he is at his best when he keeps close to the technique of modern work. And he is at his worst when he discusses the relations of social groups which lie outside the field of his special knowledge. His conception of the rôle of capital, of the place of trade unions, of the sphere of social control, of the contribution of education and philosophy to life are those—almost ludicrously like—college teachers meet in every freshman class and of which freshmen's minds have to be disabused before they can begin, if they ever do, to think.

Many of Mr. Ford's economic notions—it seems

*Today and tomorrow. By Henry Ford in Collaboration with Samuel Crowther. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1926. $3.59.

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fair to call them that, for obviously they have no basis in long mental discipline or earnest thought—are undoubtedly sound. And it is so much to the good, it must be concluded, that they should be circulated as widely as they are certain to be in this book. (The reader may, perhaps, be reminded that "My Life and Work," now two years old, has sold to the extent of upwards of two million copies and has been translated into many languages). But there seems to be a naive idea abroad that these are original contributions. It may very well be that Mr. Ford arrived at them independently; indeed, the haphazard way in which they are set down suggests a consciousness of discovery. But any person who is read at all in economic literature will discover echoes, here of Adam Smith—curiously enough—there of Thorstein Veblen, or of some other writer equally well known. Few persons who read Mr. Ford, however, will be familiar with these more difficult authors. Mr. Mencken has, for instance, praised him conspicuously for "soundness and importance," according to the publishers.

* * *

Let us review just briefly what Mr. Ford has done. He has made—and sold more cheaply than anyone else could do—some unbelievable millions of automotive vehicles. To do this he has established factories in or near most American cities and many foreign ones. Whenever he could not get good or cheap materials by buying them, he has set to work to make them. So he makes steel, glass, lumber, and textiles among other things and runs farms, railroads, steamships, and air transport lines, sawmills, foundries, newspapers, hospitals, factories, and assembling plants. To one who has not lived in proximity to the Ford expansion the whole business is one calculated to astound with its magnitude, its diversity, its success. He has made himself the richest man in the world, the richest man, it is said, of all time, but almost all his wealth is operating capital and always will be. He has not been afraid of experts in his business. He has seen it remade, in a literal, physical, sense, about once every three years. His willingness to scrap is notorious. No one ever accused the Ford concern of not having a management alive to every possible advance in any field of technique touching motor production, for the Fords are motor specialists and everything they have done or will do contributes in some way to the more efficient production of motors. If this is not an achievement sufficient for one lifetime in industrial activity, what, one may ask, would sufficiency be?

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In spite of Mr. Ford's astonishing success, it appears that not many American business men have believed in or emulated him, save insofar as they have concurrently developed similar technical achievements. For Mr. Ford is not a man of tact, though he appears to be a person singularly sweet and charming. He has always been thought queer, sometimes even been reviled. He was a business man who did not play the game according to the old rules. He paid wages not determined in a market, he sold his product for less than he could have got. He never believed that craft rule of thumb was of the slightest value; the only skill he recognized was managerial skill; all the Ford thinking was to be done in the offices. In actual practice, he not only made his competitors ridiculous, but he undertook successfully to demonstrate how to make anything else better which seemed a limiting factor in the motor car ensemble.

So he exists at present, an individual, distinct and alone, unclassified and undisciplined. Numerous times competitors have thought they could beat him at his game; a few times the financiers seemed almost to have his industries within their grasp; and on two or three conspicuous occasions he has become the temporary laughing-stock of a ribald generation. But he—and the car—have withstood the world. And they stand unique and unashamed today, untamed, sure of themselves. And now we have a book in which he tells us all where, in good American, to head in.

* * *

Mr. Ford thinks it possible to have continuous prosperity, to move always in an upward swing toward greater production. The accomplishment of this result which is puzzling many a hard-thinking economist at present, is to be achieved by following the Ford plan of continuously reducing costs and prices and as continuously paying high wages. His own best customers, says Mr. Ford, are his employees. This is one of the places where the Ford theoretical results are not so good as the practical ones. It will be seen that not even Mr. Ford is able to offer continuous employment to his men. It will even be seen that there may possibly come a time when a better and cheaper car than his will be made available. The General Motors Corporation, for instance, seems at this writing to be encroaching on his preserves. And, if that should happen, in any considerable degree, would the self-allocation of capital appear then to be so socially desirable?

And yet Mr. Ford would restrict the sphere of government so that it could have no control in industry. The whole matter of the ordination of capital is to be left to individual initiative along with the regulation of prices—for simple competition governs them—with welfare legislation—for it pays better to look after welfare—with such an affair, even, as the inheritance tax—for what "most heirs inherit in these days is a job, a business to be maintained," not money, and the state which levies death duties inevitably kills the goose which lays it golden eggs.

There seem to be areas of social theory which exist outside the range of Mr. Ford's ideas. It is evident that he generalizes from his own intentions and his own experience. He is willing, apparently, to shape social control on a plan which assumes price, service, and wage policies universally identical with his own. He sees himself selling low, providing a serviceable article, and paying high wages. What more can be asked of anyone? The answer to this is that he will be exempt, or nearly so, from any regulation; which is precisely the situation Mr. Ford is in. But how many employers know that eight hours produces more work than ten? Or that six dollars a day is a cheaper wage to pay than two dollars? Aren't we in the dilemma of having to keep these other employers out of business or of regulating them when they get in? There are hundreds of employed working under these conditions to every one who works for Mr. Ford.

One is similarly puzzled as he begins to comprehend a certain complex against "the money power." Here there seems to be a baffling situation to Mr. Ford. What happens is that some industrial genius starts off a business and gets it well under way, demonstrating that his commodity is useful and that his business is profitable. Then, by any one of various means, the financiers get him into their power. They capitalize his business for double its worth, sell the securities at a profit to themselves, and put it up to him to make dividends. From that time on, he is no longer his old self. Instead of looking out for his consumers and his workers, he is looking out for bankers and dividend-takers; and this will ruin the morale of any business.

The trouble is that this picture is far too simple and that it is in places distorted. Capital accumulation cannot always take place by making profits, as Mr. Ford thinks, nor is it always desirable that it should. He ought to know that almost no business today can start small and grow big. It has to start big or not at all. And unless there is an investment banking service where are the capital accumulations to come from? Mr. Ford's own business is singularly owned, now; but how long does Mr. Ford imagine it will stay that way when the hand of his genius is removed? No single other man will be likely to have both the ability to run it and the luck to inherit it from Mr. Ford. And then where are we? No, it is decidedly not so simple! His friend, Mr. Harvey Firestone could have told Mr. Ford why it is that many industries very early find themselves obligated to shareholders. Mr. Firestone had to sell stock just to keep going at several stages of his career. In most businesses, because of the very nature of business and of its inseparable relations, there must be early obligations to stock buyers and there must very often be financial reorganizations. Both of these occasions are peculiarly amenable to manipulation. The first in favor of the underwriter of the first securities—usually a banker—and the second by the financial interests which buy into control and reorganizing the security issues—also bankers. This in fact is one of the important functions of banks. Mr. Ford has seen the devious craft of the bankers at work and has concluded that the whole affair is a mass from which an honest business man, who cares for his customers or his workers, would better hold aloof.

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From his writing we get finally a fairly definite impression of a mind alert and effective within its range, unusually suspicious and frightened outside it, a mind which conceives things simply or not at all, which is altogether incapable of sustained reasoning or of grasping the implications of various idiosyncrasies as they join to make a pattern of his life. Mr. Ford, one feels sure, does not know, or feel the need to know, what his life is like in the philosopher's sense. He has himself believing that if he keeps it simple, honest in the old sense, and industrious, everything will work out. It is one of the anomalies of human experience that such a mind as Henry Ford's should have been so important an agent in changing the old way of living. A simple mind makes the world unliveable for simple minds; one who believes in industriousness for himself makes that virtue less and less necessary for others; an honest man creates a world in which honesty and dishonesty are pretty badly mixed to the view of a succeeding generation.

Yet, if one does not work for him, and he does not suspect one of being highbrow or spendthrift, one must imagine him as kindly—as having that personal quality we sometimes call winsome. There is little of the fanatic about him in the sense that he does not ride his hobbies hard. The public is quite wrong in its feeling about this. His decisions are reached, usually, in the way a decision is made by one of his workers. Either a bolt has to be put in as the assembly goes by, or it isn't put in at all. So either advantage must be seized or opportunity goes by—and it must seem as incredible to Mr. Ford that any one should miss an opportunity to cut costs, to save power, effort, materials, money, as that the worker who expects to continue at his work should send the machine along without the bolt which it is his responsibility to put into place.

The function of management is just as simple as that. No decision of any different order should ever have to be made by a worker. He should not have even, to acquire any considerable skill. The progress, the continuance, of the work should carry him along. Men in Ford factories are of the purest order of machine attendants. And so they are treated. Really, however, executive decisions should also be of precisely the same sort. Executives are not machine tenders, but they are factory tenders. It is not really their business to think creatively; it is rather to comprehend what the factory requires and use intelligence in procuring and using it. The only person who has a function of genuine creation around the place is Henry Ford himself, though of course, he has a son with whom he is well pleased. The omnipotence function is emphasized in little ways—for instance, Mr. Ford has no desk, no place where he can be found.

This may not seem to Mr. Ford to be what he would doubtless condemn—autocracy. But it not only looks to many observers like that ancient American bogey, but to many it seems just as impossible to operate an industry on the plan of God and the different orders of angels as it proved to be in politics. It is a singularly perturbing thought that we may possibly enter upon a period of smash and rebuilding from the bottom up on the democratic plan, learning by failure, learning only as fast as we can teach the most stupid, but why may it not be true? The beautiful industrial structures of our time are curiously like the feudal organizations of the Middle Ages. It was as unthinkable once that the perfection of the baronial arrangements should be broken down as it is now that the symmetry of our industrial autocracy should be broken down.

It is of the essence of the limitation of Mr. Ford's intelligence that his thinking is driven thinking, that he believes in the present because he can conceive nothing different, that he fails to conceive the future because he is not aware of the most powerful germinal movements of the present. His ears are filled with the crash of machines, his eyes with visions of their perfection. Not that driven thinking is not useful. We greatly need the ability to make joints fit. But that if there are to be philosophers, they ought to qualify less as joiners than as creators. When Mr. Ford takes to writing books of philosophy, he is one who enters where angels fear to tread.

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If there is a note of disparagement in this it is not altogether intended. There will, however, always be sufficient praise for the Ford achievement. Aside from not having played the game altogether, according to old rules, Mr. Ford has, beyond question, achieved the results most admired in our day. He will not lack applause. It is our undoubted tendency to create imaginary extensions of success which needs to be guarded against. Here is a mind which has taken a conspicuous part in remaking the

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world. But that does not create for it necessarily, an authentic evaluating rôle. Mr. Ford's excursions into values display him to very bad advantage, when they are taken by themselves and not lost in the glamour of his achievement. He shows himself to be nothing of an economist if we mean by that the possession of a grasp of industrial affairs and the ability to generalize their significance. But he does show himself to be extraordinarily alert and far-sighted where his own certain knowledge runs, a point which is well illustrated by his expressed views of the relationship between the farms and the factories of the future.

We have, he thinks, too long assumed that farming is in itself an industry which can earn for men a living in the new sense. He would, therefore, join the farms and the factories, managing them together. It is his conviction that only a very few of 365 days in the year need be given to agricultural work. On the others he would have farmers employed in small local industrial establishments. There are two conspicuous arguments against this and he meets them both tellingly. If the farmer says he must stay at home to care for a few head of stock even when there is no field work to do, he asks what kind of a job that is for a really able man and says, "why not put numerous herds together and run a dairy in modern style"? The cattle will be better bred and better tended, work can be full-time and of a nature to enlist genuine ability. This is good sense. If industrialists say that industries cannot be decentralized to take advantage of this farm reservoir of labor, he answers that their notions are still determined by an old technique which required large factories because steam boilers of large size were most efficient. Actually, he says, we have taken long steps toward reconstructing the Ford industries on this plan.

This is Henry Ford at his best, just because this happens to be a valuable contribution to farming and industrial technique, equally valuable, indeed to both. It is sound, sensible, workable; and Mr. Ford is nearly always equally valuable in matters of this sort which are descriptions of technical advance, of what is being done. The question is why is he not equally sensible and illuminating when he discusses education, continuous business prosperity, the ordinary functions of capital and other such matters. And immediately, on setting down a partial list on one side to be credited to him and on the other to be debited to him, one perceives that they are of different orders. The one requires a marshalling of facts, the other of ideas, the one a measurement of techniques, the other of values, the one a weighing of ponderables, the other of imponderables. Perhaps such a mind as Mr. Ford's finds its greatest handicap in a kind of illiteracy which is an unconscious resistance to the written word. How true it is that communication of ideas in our time is dependent upon a facility in writing. Men whose genius is action very rarely have a sensitivity to written language, indeed, it is not too much to say that they have deep revulsions from it. Such a handicap as this is an extremely significant one. It prevents, for instance, any kind of genuine and significant communication among themselves; it shuts them off, with unbelievable completeness, from contacts with the scholars of their craft, the economists. And there has not been mentioned the tragedy of their exclusion from the solace of literature, which to many others, is one of the great values of this life.

Lack of formal schooling may have something to do with this, yet it seems to go a good deal deeper than this. Mr. Thorndike's division of intelligence into mechanical, social, and abstract, comes to the mind, though suspicions rightly attach to such broad classifications as this. Mr. Ford does seem to be an almost perfect example of the mechanical intelligence clumsily attempting now to function with unacustomed and uncongenial material. If, then, something of this were perceived generally, little harm would be done by the expression of what really amount to prejudices. But we so easily confuse one kind of success with all kinds of it and assume that since one functions well in some instances he must in all possible ones.

On the whole, judging by results, one could wish that, since he has so much sense, Mr. Ford would have that kind of superior sense which would confine him to his own sort. These things are said now of Henry Ford but they are not more true of him than of numerous others, too numerous others. Truly, it seems, in the making of books there is very little discrimination.

Hardy the Poet

HUMAN SHOWS, FAR PHANTASIES, SONGS AND TRIFLES. By THOMAS HARDY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $2.25.

Reviewed by WILLIAM SAVAGE JOHNSON
University of Kansas

THE Thomas Hardy of "Human Shows," 1925, is the Thomas Hardy of "Hap," 1866, but with a difference. The young man of twenty-six was near to despair. The poet of today is as clear-eyed and unflinching as that young man, but the world in which he lives has no new terrors that can shake him, and it has stronger hopes and deeper consolations. In his latest volume, as in "Late Lyrics and Earlier," Mr. Hardy's essential sweetness of spirit is more evident than in any that preceded them.

Yet his poetry is no less veracious. The work of Hardy's greatest contemporaries, Yeats, De la Mare, Masefield, in spite of the trend toward realism, has been largely a poetry of escape, through a land of heart's desire, through evocation of the dream consciousness, or through thrilling narrative of adventure or melodrama. But Hardy has stuck doggedly to his Wessex. This volume is full of realistic pictures. Wagons creep over the Wessex hilltops, sheep stand sodden in the rain, gypsies shamble through Dorchester and nobody buys their wares. In such a poem as "Life and Death at Sunrise," we get the very essence of the man Hardy, a poem redolent of the Wessex soil, true to the

Illustration from "Chats on Naval Prints," by E. Keble Chatterton (Stokes).

idiosyncrasies of its humanity, expressing also the poet's individual temperament and written in his characteristic idiom, yet at the same time epitomizing the universal issues of life. Though a fragment, it suggests the epic sweep of Hardy's vision, a gift shared by none of his contemporaries.

The same uncompromising spirit governs his speculation. Years have only deepened in him the conviction that "crass casualty obstructs the sun and rain." Many poems in the new book express the old philosophical ideas in new ways. In "Sine Prole" he views calmly the extinction of his line. As a modern man he sees no reason for desiring its continuance, viewing with contempt "Life's Lottery" and "its dice that fling no prize." In "Genetrix Laesa" he still finds nature's ways a "purblind blinking" ("as if some imp unruly twitched your artist arm"); in "The Aerolite" consciousness is a germ that has awakened the brute world to suffering and poisoned "Earth's old established innocence."

The narratives of the volume are an illustration of its philosophy. Like their predecessors, these "human shows" exhibit man as the victim of "cynic circumstance" or of some strange madness that is no less an expression of the blind Will that rules us. Such stories as "The Turnip Hoer," "The Fight on Durnoyer Moor," "The Forbidden Banns," repeat in new forms the recurring ironies of existence.

In what respect, then, does "Human Shows" offer any alleviation of this stark spectacle? I have spoken of a hope and a consolation. The hope is a part of Hardy's metaphysics. It was first clearly expressed in "The Blow," in "Moments of Vision" and in the famous closing passage of "The Dynasts," the hope that some day the universe would become conscious, would evolve an intelligence and a soul, and so "fashion all things fair." It is reaffirmed in one of the most interesting of the new poems, "Xenophanes, the Monist of Colophon," and elsewhere in the volume.

The consolation is of simpler substance, and is implied rather than asserted. It is felt in the deepened sense of the simple human values, loving kindness, fidelity to humble tasks, kindness to animals, love of the beauty of sunset and dawn, star and flower. These remain, "though dynasties pass." Hardy's deep humanity has never been banished by his moments of cynicism or despair or perplexed questioning. It thrills in the lyric, "Any little old song," it shines faintly through his Wessex pictures and stories, "A Sheep Fair," "No Buyers," "An East-End Curate," "A Last Journey;" it mingles with the indignation and horror of "On the Portrait of a Woman about to be Hanged." But perhaps its most complete expression in this volume is in "A Leader of Fashion," a poem in which Hardy has indirectly suggested all the deep and abiding consolations of life that he has been able to offer to suffering humanity.

Victoria Scores

SHERIDAN TO ROBERTSON: A STUDY OF THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY LONDON STAGE. By ERNEST BRADLEE WATSON. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by HAZELTON SPENCER
State College of Washington

THIS is the season's most important book about the theatre, and its form is worthy of its importance. Uncommonly handsome typography and exquisite plates match a text that will be fascinating to the general reader and indispensable to every student of English drama.

The death last April of Sir Squire Bancroft snapped the only surviving link between the beginning of the dramatic renascence and its apparent close in our time. Though they left the stage before Mr. Shaw had stamped the new school as above all else devoted to the drama of ideas, Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft did much to make the great realists possible. It was they who produced the Robertsonian comedy; it was they who brought naturalness and subtlety and congruity into the service of the new playwrighting; in their company at the Prince of Wales's several producers of the drama of the '90's learned their technique. Concerning the rise of their decent school out of the post-Sheridan slum Professor Watson brings the first account both coherent and scholarly.

More and more we are coming to reealize that study of the drama must rest on knowledge of the theatre. It is perhaps not so generally recognized that to understand the theatre we must understand its living background. Professor Watson is fully aware of the significance of sociological and economic considerations. Thus he makes out a good case for the direct influence on theatrical prosperity of the hard times which followed Waterloo, and for the disastrous effect on the drama's intellectual content of the enlargement of the patent theatres and the consequent withdrawal of aristocratic patronage.

It was the young Queen whose vivid interest in the radical movement rescued the theatre from the rabble and made it fashionable again. Professor Watson presents an amusing sketch of her visits to the playhouse, as she tripped along after the comedian-manager, the uncomfortable J. B. Buckstone, who in correct court dress and strict accord with tradition was obliged to walk backward holding two wavering candlesticks to light his sovereign to the royal box. Once "Bucky" tripped and sat down unceremoniously during the course of this ritual, much to the little Queen's amusement—'tis a more charming picture than those usually offered as typical of Early Victorian evenings.

The Queen went frequently to the theatre, and showed special favor to such dramatists as Jerrold and Boucicault, whose works, banal as they seem to us after Shaw and Barrie, or even Robertson, were in their own time a discernible force for natural-

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ness. And there were private theatricals at Windsor under the direction of Charles Kean, who was influential in bringing in the more refined style of acting. Professor Watson would almost locate the rebirth of English drama in the Rubens room of the Castle. Score one for Victoria.

In his modest preface the author disclaims attempting to deal with the drama itself. Yet he constantly throws light on it, for his is not the method of the mere philological filing-clerk. Professor George P. Baker, who supplies a foreword, insists that "More than any other book I know, this of Dr. Watson's treats plays and their production in their right relationship—as inseparable,"—an exaggeration of the truth doubtless preferable to yesterday's practice of ignoring it. But Professor Watson himself goes pretty far in his application of this principle.

He finds Robertson's methods as a comic dramatist derivative not so much from the French playwrights as from "the purely English attributes of jollity, homeliness, and eccentric humor which had come to them from no literary influences whatever, but through the new school of English acting." He is less convincing at this point than when he argues that the introduction of stalls and the consequent relegation of the pitites to the extreme rear of the floor made for quieter representation and ultimately influenced dramatic composition in the right direction.

Professor Watson makes a good deal of the lifting of the monopoly of the patent theatres in 1843, which he regards as operating directly to bring on the new drama. The difficulty with this view is, of course, that the stage had to wait two decades for Robertson, and that twenty years is a long period in theatrical history—longer than in the history of any other branch of the literary art.

We must not exaggerate the worth of Robertson himself: it is not till fifty years after the theatres were freed that (unless we attach a Clayton Hamiltonian significance to the juvenile performances of Messrs. Jones and Pinero) we come to the vitally new drama. Surely it is ideas rather than stage trickeries (even important ones like real ceilings and doorknobs) that have marked recent progress in the theatre. Dr. Watson has much to say about pre-Robertsonian managers who wanted to create a new English comedy, but he does not quite succeed in convincing us that they really knew what they wanted.

An ever-present danger, though Dr. Watson is consciously on guard against it, is the tendency to an easy acceptance of the contemporary theatre as the result of evolutionary principles all working together for good. One is prone to hail a Victorian innovation (for instance, the abandonment of the repertory company in favor of the engagement of actors for the run of the piece) as a "service to the drama," merely because it led to the prevailing custom of our own time. While this particular change undoubtedly put theatrical financing on a sounder basis, its artistic consequences have been more doubtful. I am not sure that Dr. Watson always discriminates with sufficient care between commercial and artistic success in the theatre. That this distinction is ignored by some brilliant practitioners and critics does not modify the fact of its existence. If the academic student does not insist on it, who will?

Professor Watson's most important contention is that the trend toward realism in playwrighting had begun long before Robertson, and toward realism in production long before the Vancrofts. Even Douglas Jerrold he sees moving steadily in the direction of the frankly contemporary and away from the artificialities of the Sheridanized Restoration comedy on the one hand and the lachrymose moralities of the sentimentalists on the other.

Dr. Watson holds that Robertson was less a comet or revolutionary impulse than the culmination of a progressive tendency due partly to the obvious excellence of French melodrama and partly to the more natural school of acting introduced by Madame Vestris, the younger Mathews, Boucicault, and Fechter. Probably he is right, but it is equally essential to remember that the Robertsonian comedy's intrinsic value is slight. The encouraging thing for English drama about the appearance of Robertson was that he had something to say; while Jerrold, Tom Taylor, and Boucicault had little or nothing. But not till the '90's did men appear who had a great deal to say.

I have noticed a few minor errors. It is perhaps worth remarking that the opening date of the first Drury Lane was not April 8, but May 7, 1663. The date of reconstruction was 1674, not 1672. The old Haymarket, built by Vanbrugh, and used for Italian opera during Dr. Watson's period, was abandoned to that form of art not in 1707, but in 1708 N. S. The last performance there of the Bettertonians was on January 10, 1708, the occasion being a benefit appearance by Wilks in "Macbeth." Augustine Daly (p. 103) and A Winter's Tale (p. 390), are obvious misprints. Illustrative passages are several times cited twice; this practice is allowable in a dissertation but becomes irritating in a book intended for the public.

Only those who have wrestled with obscure theatrical history can realize the infinite pains that lie behind the production of such a work as this of Dr. Watson's. He will not thank me for suggesting that he ought to go on from Robertson to Shaw, but it is depressingly true that the '70's and '80's now look forbiddingly dark beside the decades illuminated by this volume.

Literary History

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Volume I. The Middle Ages and the Renascence (650-1660). By EMILE LEGOUIS. Translated from the French by Helen Douglas Irvine. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1926.

Reviewed by KARL YOUNG
Yale University

THIS refreshing book is not to be listed as merely one more conventional manual of English literary history. It is, in the first place, the work of a Frenchman, with his advantage of racial detachment. Although M. Legouis has devoted his three score years to the study of English literature, he still calls himself an "outsider," and apologizes, with engaging modesty, for "the inevitable inferiority of a foreign historian." By way of compensation he rightly claims for himself a certain freedom from partiality. He might have claimed a good deal more, for his foreign inheritance provides him with many an insight denied to the critic for whom English literature is a birthright. Thus M. Legouis can reanimate even so familiar a matter as the French element in Chaucer's poetry.

> The rarefied, white light shed over Chaucer's work . . . . . is exactly the same in tone as that which shone for the poets of the Ile-de-France. A Frenchman may enter Chaucer's country and be conscious of no change of sky or climate. Like the French *trouvères*, Chaucer has a lightness of heart which is not tumultuous but diffused. . . . One line, in which he resumes the youth of his Squire, might be the device of all his poetry:
>
> *He was as fresh as is the moneth of May*
>
> This line is entirely French, the essence of the earliest French poetry. The same may be said of his pitch, neither too high nor too low. His voice, too, has a pure, slightly frail quality . . . . perhaps not rich or full enough for the highest lyricism, but wont to keep to the middle tones in which meaning is conveyed to the mind most clearly and exactly. . . . The poet is ruled by intelligence, rather than carried away by passion . . . . Chaucer cannot be said to have had a French period. He is always French.

The luminous page from which I quote could have been conceived and phrased only by a Frenchman.

The ultimate usefulness of this volume, however, will arise probably not so much from the detachment of the critic as from his method. Knowing that the history of English literature has already been written in a good many ways, M. Legouis seeks a new way of his own, particularly through differentiating his work from that of his distinguished fellow countrymen, Taine and Jusserand, with whom he inevitably comes into competition. Taine's celebrated "History of English Literature" (1864) is not so much a study of literary art as an imposing essay in philosophy. His deterministic aim was to find in a work of literature evidences of the author's inner nature as moulded by the relentless "laws" of race, surroundings, and epoch. More recent, and still incomplete, is Jusserand's "Literary History of the English People" (Vol. I, 1896; Vol. II, 1904). As the title of his work candidly indicates, M. Jusserand uses literature primarily as a means for displaying English political and social life,—"the people and the nation."

Since both Taine and Jusserand, then, have taken only a secondary interest in literary art as such, M. Legouis gains for his own work a happy distinctiveness by making the æsthetic aspect of literature his chief concern. His primary purpose is to set forth literary productions as work of art, "describing their matter and their manner," and thus through a chronological survey to show "the earliest origins, the early gropings, the progress and retrogression and triumph of the artistic sense." The book undertakes to present not so much the social life of England, or the biographies of authors, or their racial and historical background, as the power and charm of the writings themselves.

In accomplishing this undertaking, M. Legouis displays not only the tact, clarity, and judgment which we like to take for granted in a distinguished French critic, but, in addition, certain rarer virtues that contribute greatly toward distinctiveness and utility. For one thing, he avoids the too common practice of telling the reader everything about a literary piece except its content. Before launching into critical observations upon a play or a romance, for example, M. Legouis considerately and skilfully gives his reader a comfortable feeling of acquaintanceship by sketching the plot or fable, and then using this sketch as a frame within which to group his pronouncements upon form, character, and style. This procedure tends to give to the description of a single work a satisfying firmness and completeness. To the countless persons who have yet to read Lyly's "Euphues," Drayton's "Polyolbion," Sidney's "Arcadia," Jonson's "Epicoene," and Webster's "White Devil," M. Legouis's accounts of these moderately significant works will convey not a confusion of historical facts and critical opinions, but an ordered sense of content, structure, personalities, and qualities of expression. In the general impression, however, is often found some delicate or incisive communication of the flavor of the piece under discussion. This effect arises both through discreet quotation and through alluring phrases from the critic's own pen.

Most engaging of all the merits of this book, perhaps, is its unhesitating, but modest, independence. The writer successfully surmounts the barriers of accumulated criticism and gives us almost constantly the feeling of a candid and sensitive nature responding directly to the appeal of the original works themselves. "Most important of all," remarks M. Legouis of Shakespeare, is the frequent complexity of his characters.

> . . . No simple principle accounts for them. They have life and life's indefiniteness, and therefore they are not always fully intelligible, but are mysteries. It is even possible to ask whether Shakespeare himself understood them all. . . . Thus it is that many Shakespearean beings, whose reality cannot for an instant be questioned, do not admit of too precise investigation or are differently interpreted by different critics." In conventional literary histories one does not find liberating utterances like these.

Quite aside from its freshness and independence, this book will be particularly welcome to those American readers who think that our own most conspicuous critics are concerned, these days, too exclusively with abstractions and *idées générales*. While we Americans are disputing the meanings of Puritanism, a Frenchman does well in reminding us that the English poets wrote poetry.

Since the issue of the *Saturday Review of Literature* for July 31 went to press we have been informed that "Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa," by Cecil Gray and Philip Heseltine, which was reviewed by Garnet Smith in the leading article of the number and was credited to Kegan Paul of London, is to be published shortly in this country by Lincoln McVeagh: The Dial Press.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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A Nonalogue of Business

THE SECRET OF HIGH WAGES. By Bertram Austin and W. F. Lloyd. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1926. $1.25.

Reviewed by Bartlet Brebner
Columbia University

A CENTURY ago, immediately after the Napoleonic Wars and for many decades thereafter, young foreigners flocked to Great Britain to learn the technique of her industrial organization. At the same time Great Britain began to export young technicians to every part of the Continent and to America; and English and Scottish names, which had been plentiful enough in the armies of Europe heretofore, now invaded the lists of business men. The British colonies in France, Germany, Belgium, Poland, and Russia were no longer groups of refugees, but of "masters" of industry. Now, after the Great War, precisely the same process is being carried on, but this time it is the United States which is at once the focus and the radiating center. American industries attract industrial engineers from the whole world and in every corner of the globe Americans are forming exactly the same kind of colonies of executives as the British did before them. Foreign students crowd to our schools of business and work as apprentices in our factories and, in turn, the sons of our industrial magnates go to foreign universities (entering the upper strata of society by that route) and even assume an alien citizenship in order more effectively to promote the success of American business abroad.

In general, however, these symptoms of American industrial leadership are not particularly obvious. The United States is a busy, money-dreaming country and most of its citizens manage to keep pretty thoroughly occupied with immediate and relatively local affairs. In addition, probably the majority of business men have never stopped to think very much about what has been happening to the biggest business in the last twenty-five years. For years, at conferences and conventions and from "success" magazines, they have been picking up individual "pointers" and, imperceptibly to themselves, they have been modifying their organizations along the lines of amazing success laid down by such a leader as Ford. Now, a couple of young English industrial engineers have not only come and seen American industry, but in the pedagogical sense they have conquered it as well. They have resolved the complexity into nine extremely simple principles and have written a small book explaining how they have seen the moperate. One is tempted to add one more commandment, "Keep watching America," and thus raise their nonalogue to the conventional table of ten.

* * *

The book is the thing, of course, and will well repay reading, but the principles are worth reproducing here.

A. The success of an enterprise is, in a large measure, dependent upon a strict adherence to the policy of promotion of staff by merit and ability only.

B. It is more advantageous to increase total profits by reducing prices to the consumer, at the same time maintaining or improving quality, with a consequent increase in the volume of sales than by attempting to maintain or raise prices.

C. Rapidity of turnover makes for comparatively small requirements of both funded and working capital, i.e., the capital required for shop space (including equipment) and the finance of work in progress.

D. The productive capacity *per capita* of labor can be increased without limit depending upon the progress made in time and trouble-saving appliances.

E. It is better that labor should be rewarded by wages bearing some relation to output rather than by a fixed wage, the amount of the wages earned by any one man being in no way limited. Contrary to the general belief in Europe, high wages do not necessarily mean a high level of prices. It is to the advantage of the community that the policy of industrial management should be directed towards raising wages and reducing prices.

F. A free exchange of ideas between competing firms should be advocated.

G. Elimination of waste is an essential factor in the attainment of national prosperity.

H. It is important that every possible attention be paid to the welfare of employees.

I. Research and experimental work are of prime importance to progress.

At first glance these seem very obvious statements —comprehensive generalizations always do. It is when one reads the chapter discussions of them, however, that one realizes that outside observation is fresh and provocative. The authors write the barest sort of prose. They have no tricks or adornment or appeals or jeremiads, but they have an uncanny knack for saying what matters in the most economical, and therefore the most forceful, way. Their deductions are dispassionately made, but they almost always repay a pause for consideration. One might gather them together to form a code of supplementary principles, but that the reader must do for himself, and he must do so remembering that simplicity is deceptive and often conceals important truth by its apparent obviousness.

Naturally Principle E engages much of the authors' attention. It strikes at the very root of the differences between Great Britain and the United States in industry generally, in the relations between employer and employed, and even in national politics. To the British working man his American brother has been sold to capitalism by Sam Gompers; to the American the Britisher is cutting his own throat. It is quite safe to say that the main battle, if battle comes, between British and American industrial methods in Great Britain, will center on the salient of output *per capita*. "Ca'canny," from its very nature, will fight bitterly against the various methods of "speeding up."

Of course the authors make some obvious mistakes. They are too impressed and enthusiastic not to do so. A worker on an assembly line in an automobile factory, for instance, cannot increase the pace any more than he can drop behind and still keep his job. This is overlooked and a false impression of illimitable personal output given. Again, there are mass-production factories operating most successfully in England. Morris of Oxford, to give an example, has gained steadily at the expense of Ford in southern England. Moreover, the brevity of the treatment gives an impression that the phenomena observed are more prevalent than they actually are, and, finally, the authors do not venture on the debatable ground of conflicting social and economic doctrines. They are British converts to American "optimistic economics." At the same time, important as some of these sins of omission and even of commission are, English industry, whether employers or employed, is bound to be interested in and to profit by this book. In that sense the shock of the post-war depression may do the "Old Country" good and, if the creed preached in this small book attains anything like a nationalistic or patriotic significance, we may expect to see miracles comparable to the extraordinary increase in production brought about, say, in the jute industry in Dundee by the war-time demand for sand-bags.

To American business men and students of economics the book cannot fail to be of interest. It is, in a sense, more interesting to the historian, particularly to the one who sees the parallel between British history of the nineteenth century and possible developments in the United States in the twentieth. "A chiel amang us takin' notes" always sees things we vaguely feel and by which, perhaps, we are only unconsciously controlled. It is salutary discipline and a convenience as well to be able to study the note-book.

A Man of Gusto

MEMORIES OF FORTY-EIGHT YEARS' SERVICE. By General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $8.

Reviewed by Major T. H. Thomas

"BORN in 1858, I was number eleven in a family of fifteen, six boys and nine girls. . . . I was not a nice boy, and was always in trouble, earmarked as mischievous and wild, and credited with all minor catastrophies which happened to the family. . . . Nice as my father always was to me, I rather doubt his having entertained hope of my ever becoming a useful member of society." After this brisk beginning and this way of stating plain facts in plain fashion, one has an intimation that General Smith-Dorrien's memories will not be dull.

His half century of service was scattered at random over the Empire, from the rough and tumble affairs of Zululand in the '70's to the full dress operations of the Great War. His "Memories" deal largely with persons and places and events which most readers will never have heard of: small campaigns in remote places and larger affairs which the War has thrown back into a distant perspective. Yet in fact they are never dull; and in compiling a volume of recollections from a diary, the author, instead of assembling a dry record of things past and gone, succeeds in conveying years afterward upon the printed page the same eager freshness of interest with which he took part in things at the time. He enjoyed life, for one thing. He was an acute and responsive observer; and had an alert curiosity, strong common sense, and a sense of humor which gives its savor to even his most matter of fact passages.

Smith-Dorrien made his own way in the Army, but his later career was affected to no small degree by his acquaintance with Kitchener whom he came to know in Egypt during the aftermath of the Gordon relief expedition. When setting out on the reconquest of the Soudan ten years later Kitchener accepted his offer to join in the fray. Smith-Dorrien commanded a battalion at Omdurman and later accompanied his chief up the Nile to confer with Marchand at Fashoda, and head off a French claim to the Soudan. Incidentally, they rescued Marchand from Gordon's fate, for it is clear that only their arrival prevented the Dervishes from dealing with the French claim in very different fashion. Characteristically enough, for all the diplomatic tension of this occasion, the British officers were chiefly impressed with the spirit with which seven Frenchmen had led a force of 120 blacks across the heart of Africa. "They were charmingly courteous and civil, but what appealed to us most was the weakness of their force, the immaculate turnout of everyone, officers in white might just have emerged from the best French laundry, men in smart red jerseys which appeared to be new, and finally the fact that they were able to regale their visitors on excellent red wine and plenty of it." One of the seven in immaculate white was Mangin.

* * *

Shortly afterward Kitchener offered Smith-Dorrien the Governorship of the Soudan, but fate led them both to South Africa, and later to India. It was this long first-hand experience of his abilities which led Kitchener to select Smith-Dorrien, in August, 1914, as commander of one of the two corps in France, instead of Plumer, whom Sir John French had asked for. Arriving in France on the eve of Mons, Smith-Dorrien bore the brunt of the battle and the first stage of the retreat. At Le Cateau his II M.D. Corps, when on the point of being overridden by von Kluck, suddenly turned on him and dealt so sharp a blow that he never again got within striking distance of the B. E. F. Moreover, the sharpness of the attack, the losses inflicted, and the skill with which the British broke off the battle from a whole army being gathered against them—all had the effect of giving von Kluck a wholly false idea of what had happened. The error sent him on the wrong track and ruined the outflanking "according-to-plan" movement of the German right wing. Altogether, as regards the fortunes of the British force in particular, Le Cateau was the decisive battle of the first campaign of the war; and at the time Sir John French gave it the praise it deserved. But later on, in the course of his peculiar changes of moods, he developed an antipathy to Smith-Dorrien, and in his volume of recollections, "1914," presented him as the scapegoat for all the difficulties of the period of the Marne.

This change of front was never well received in England; professional opinion always supported Smith-Dorrien; and the British Official History has now fully justified his conduct in outspoken fashion. In putting forward his case for himself and his Corps he stands on velvet, so to speak, from the start; and his manner of presenting it is singularly effective. Instead of striking back at French, his good-humored and uncontroversial narrative makes abundantly clear the friendly loyalty which was French's actual attitude at the time. It is a *risposte* in the best English manner—in itself as characteristic of the Old Contemptibles as any of their doings which Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien recounts.

Count Berchtold, who was Austria's Foreign Minister at the outbreak of the War, is engaged in writing his memoirs, which will eventually appear in English translation.

* * *

Few admirers of Hardy (says *John O'London's Weekly*) are aware that the famous novelist once collaborated with Miss Florence Henniker in a story entitled "The Spectre of the Real" in a volume of Miss Henniker's stories, "In Scarlet and Grey." A copy of the book was recently sold for a considerable sum.

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Altruism and a Skin Game

THE SILVER SPOON. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE
Wesleyan University

MR. GALSWORTHY'S new novel is a good typical specimen of his work, with most of his characteristic merits and limitations. It shows him, as usual, absorbed by social problems, and, like Nature, more interested in types than in individuals, yet managing to tell a good story and to create some memorable people. It illustrates his love of courtroom scenes and of strong-willed old gentlemen, and his sentimental attitude toward poverty. All of Mr. Galsworthy's poor people (and he will have some in every novel) are pathetic objects; he knows them only from the outside, from the point of view of the benevolent rich man. One would like to know what he would consider the smallest income on which a man could laugh heartily.

What is the matter with the "younger generation"? What is the matter with England? What is to be done about it? These are the questions with which "The Silver Spoon" is chiefly concerned. In its study of the first problem, as well as in its setting and characters, the story is a continuation of "The White Monkey." It begins a few months after the conclusion of the earlier book; its central figures are Fleur Forsyte Mont, her husband, Michael, her father, Soames Forsyte, and her dearest enemy, Marjorie Ferrar. Michael, who is in Parliament, takes his duties as a statesman seriously; he becomes the champion of a new remedy for the ills of England, known as Foggartism. Fleur has none of Michael's social conscience, but she has social ambitions, and attempts to build up a *salon* which shall push her husband's fortunes and give her prestige and power. Marjorie is the impoverished grand-daughter of a Marquess, handsome, "advanced," and purely predatory. Her mottoes are "Live dangerously" and "Take life in both hands and eat it." She has the aristocrat's disdain of the pushing, bourgeoise Fleur. A spiteful remark of hers at one of Fleur's receptions, overheard by the still redoubtable Soames, leads to the sort of struggle between the two famiies which Mr. Galsworthy has elsewhere called a "skin game." In letters to common acquaintances Fleur returns to her rival rather better than she got. There is a libel suit brought by the impecunious Ferrars in the hope of getting damages; there is an admirable court scene, in which Soames's strategy wins the case for Fleur. But the victory proves a costly one, for the appeal to conventional morals which turns the jury against Marjorie gives her the advantage in the judgment of society, for which alone Fleur really cares.

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In this feline struggle (Mr. Galsworthy himself suggests the adjective) Michael is a pained and sympathetic spectator. He still loves his wife, but he is beginning to take an impartial and slightly critical view of her. This prevents him from sharing the furious anger of Soames against her detractor,—Soames whose "mind was uncomplicated by the currents awash in that of one who goes to bed with the object of his criticism." The delicately shaded picture of the inter-relations of these four people and their friends gives the book its chief interest. The analysis of character, however, does not go quite so deep as in "The White Monkey," because Mr. Galsworthy is here less interested in individuals and more in social problems. The worst drawn figure in the story is that of Francis Wilmot, a young American who is made out of "short and musty straw." Mr. Galsworthy succeeds in making him talk unlike an Englishman, but that is his only claim to Americanism.

The title symbolizes the author's diagnosis of the trouble with Fleur, with her generation, and with the ruling classes of England. Soames, reflecting on his daughter's behavior, regretfuly finds himself "staring at a silver spoon. He himself had put it in her mouth at birth." Michael muses on "England with the silver spoon in her mouth and no longer the teeth to hold it there, or the will to part with it." In the concluding scene the year-old son of Fleur is symbolically scattering his porridge with his silver spoon, and refusing to learn the right use of the implement.

How far Mr. Galsworthy means to endorse Michael's remedy for the troubles of England is not prefectly plain. "Foggartism" proposes to send hundreds of thousands of English children in their teens to the colonies. England can never again give a decent chance to its crowding millions; a rapid development of the dominions, with imperial preference, would solve unemployment and relieve the industrial *impasse;* adults cannot adapt themselves to new conditions; hence the only solution is to ship youth wholesale to Canada, Australia, and South Africa. Exactly what the dominions are to do with this flood of children Foggartism does not explain; nor how their parents are to be induced to part with them. The astonishing thing is that Mr. Galsworthy does not seem to perceive the grotesque inhumanity of the proposal. Swift might have offered it in irony; Mr. Galsworthy's *raisonneur*-hero seems to regard it seriously as the only way out. But perhaps Mr. Galsworthy is only satirizing the futility of his humanitarianism.

Shimmering Romance

THE REGION CLOUD. By PERCY LUBBOCK. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. $2.50.

SHOEMAKERS' children may go barefoot and bartenders refuse to drink, but here is a man who has written on "The Craft of Fiction" producing a novel of such value that the old precepts may well tremble. In "The Region Cloud," Percy Lubbock has given us an effective study of a group of characters acting, interacting, and reacting within and under the influence of one super-character who holds them in his service until they can no more.

Channing is the super-character, the great man; and young Austin comes to his estate at Blintworth as secretary, nominally, but really as disciple. Colorful people move through a brilliance of sunshine on the terrace at Blintworth. They are so sharply outlined, so finely chiseled, that the light glints off them as off the facets of a jewel. They are too bright, too jewelled, and too minute to be real: or perhaps, something shimmers between us and their reality. It is not merely that we get them quite consistently, and for the most part excellently, through the eyes of Austin, but rather that we get them through his point of view. His separateness, his strain of genius, has cut them off abruptly from the perspective against which they might have been measured had they been left in the world. Some subconscious mechanism of his hero-worship has, as it were, reversed the glasses through which he observes the master and the master's *milieu* so that he sees them through the small end.

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This is at first. Soon the region cloud that is to mask Channing moves nearer. Lady Cordelia, "a scream and a string of pearls," darts like a glittering insect into the master's solitude and hurls herself against him, her merriment flying up and scattering in the wake of conversation. Mrs. Channing, beautiful, silent, and incapable of understanding, adds to the opaqueness. She is an intangible, rose-colored creature who appears to have heard of everything and of nothing. Remarks, however they may be blurted at her, "you will note them spent and exhausted before they reach her delicate surface. She bears a charm; the pellet that is jerked at her becomes a flake of down, flutters on mid-air and floats to her feet." There are others: the determinedly kindly Blake, the terrible Mrs. Bewlay, sitting in her placid untidiness, patient, comprehending, undisturbed by puffs of smoke lurching viciously out of the chimney, and even there is Mr. Bumpus.

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Through them all, through accident and the too casually opened door, the master is finally unpedestalled and shattered into littleness at the feet of Austin. The building up and crumbling down of this character is dextrously accomplished by Mr. Lubbock. Nor can it be held against the author that he has caught something of the technique of Henry James, something of that devilish device by which the burden of proof is thrown on the reader, forcing him, before he is told, to suspect some engulfing evil and then, catching him up, forcing him to suspect his suspicion. For this knot is constructed of the same tenuous psychological threads that James so delighted to unravel. Mr. Lubbock's style seems to be a rather deliberate blending of classical impersonality and the author's head-in-at-the-door conviviality of the Victorian novelists. The book itself is beautifully bodied forth; the cover, the paper, the print, and the composition of the pages are a delight to the hand and eye.

Modified Steinism

MANNEQUIN. By FANNIE HURST. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS CHANDLER GRAHAM

AFTER a novel has been published serially and has been advertised in the biggest and blackest type as a "$50,000 prize novel," the announcement of its appearance in book form has, as a news item, something of the graceless futility proverbially accorded to the carrying of coals to Newcastle. Yet there are two excellent reasons why "Mannequin" should be reviewed in its latest incarnation. One is that there are undoubtedly a large number of people eagerly awaiting an opportunity to get the story of Orchid Sargossa in a single lump, and the other that Fannie Hurst has already produced one work of real merit and has shown extraordinary flashes of excellence amid the tawdriness of much of her other writing.

For plot in "Mannequin" Miss Hurst has had recourse to melodrama and the sentimental ballad. The main theme is the hoary one of a kidnapped child brought up in unscathed innocence amid squalor and sin, pursuing an industrious and virtuous life surrounded by roseate temptations, and reunited finally, on the last page, to wealthy and loving parents. Incidental thrills are obtained through a murder trial where the innocent heroine, firmly enmeshed in the toils of circumstantial evidence, is on trial for her life before a judge who, quite unknown to either, is *her own father!* A newer note is struck in the introduction of a lover acting as an unwilling *deus ex machina* in the affliction of his fiancée. His series of newspaper articles on "Sexless Justice—Give the Woman Murderer Her Chance to Atone for Her Crime" begin to appear on the very night that the heroine is arrested for the murder. Once grasped, however, the tragic irony of this situation slips through the author's fingers without lasting effect upon the characters.

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Like so many writers of the day, Miss Hurst is chiefly notable for her word painting. Striking imagery has become habitual with her. Usually she achieves her greatest success with the tactile. Whether running on into the monotony of the narcissism of "Apassionata," or reaching the height of vicarious pain as in "Lummox," the touch sense of Miss Hurst is unerring. In "Mannequin" one gets the "feel" of all the multitudinous objects that brush through the pages, of flesh, of silk, of grimy denim, of water, of polished wood, of lye-bitten hands, of damask, of velvets, etc., etc. The visual images are often less fortunate. In what seems an eagerness for the unusual, the bizarre note is overemphasized. An orchid "the color of smeared sunset" is difficult of visualization. Or take the eyes of Selene Herrick which "were like light-houses in the fog of the bloated sea": even with the further information that it was a sea of bloated faces, the sentence fails to carry conviction. On the other hand, when these word pictures do come off they are much more than mere pictures: a juror who is "like a tomato, a wide, over ripe, fat little tomato" is mercilessly revealed for the objectionable creature he is.

Miss Hurst seems definitely to have adopted the Gertrude Stein style in her later work, and "Mannequin" is no exception. But Miss Stein has one inestimable advantage over her imitators: her incomprehensibility makes it impossible to say whether her manner is or is not suited to her matter. Of Miss Hurst's modified Steinism that is not true. The rapid catapulting of sentences and near-sentences is undeniably effective in the character sketch of the half-witted nurse-maid and in the presentation of the miasmic atmosphere of the court room, but when that same style is used for the thought processes of all the characters in the book even in their most ordinary activities, it becomes irritating and ineffectual. If Miss Hurst could only occasionally refrain from the refrain! One is tempted to sum up her style as "Iteration, Re-iteration, Re-iteration of the same things, Re-iteration of the same things over again."

Only recently the attention of the British public has been called to the fact that of a million British war graves scattered over the Continent and the Near East almost the only one uncared for is that of the poet, Rupert Brooke. Isolated on the island of Scyros, it is not among those maintained by the War Graves Commission.

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Charming Fantasy

CIRCE'S ISLAND AND THE GIRL AND THE FAUN. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by Ernest Sutherland Bates

WHEN Mr. Phillpotts leaves contemporary Dartmoor for a voyage into the past, he goes on a pleasure trip. His goal is Arcady. There he can lie on his back, weave dreams of fancy, and watch with a gentle irony the metamorphoses of gods and men. "Circe's Island" is a playful tale, "The Girl and the Faun" a sentimental one, both the product of a serene and idle mood, written for serene and idle readers. The book should be perused on a lazy summer day, preferably in the woods or on the shores of some sunny lake, or at least, if this is all that is available, in a hammock slung in some retired spot. The author's fantasy calls up enchanted islands and forests where nymphs and nereids lead careless lives, unvexed by any purpose, beguiling us to forget our dull seriousness and taste for an hour their happy immortality. There is wit, too, in the volume, with a certain mellow wisdom; the salt of satire sharpens the sentiment; the magic world mimics the real as reflections in water reproduce with strange alterations and tonal softenings the landscape on the bank.

"Circe's Island" is almost worthy of Anatole France. It is the story of the search for one Dolius, a simple-minded fisherman of Zacynthus, who has fallen into the clutches of Circe and presumably been transformed into something but just what the son who seeks him does not know, and, being but a boy and not a very bright one at that, would never discover but for the assistance of his friend, the wise serpent Simo. This Simo is a charming creation, garrulous, very learned, given to long moralizings, as pleasantly pedantic an old snake as one often meets. They find Circe to be a less dubious character than her reputation would have led one to expect. She plies her magic not from personal animus but merely because it is her *métier*, ordained by the will of Zeus. Quite pardonably she takes some pleasure in her own skill and in the opportunities of her profession. The latter she justifies convincingly.

"I claim for many of my reincarnations," she continued, "that far from casting a man into meaner shape than his own, I actually exalt him a stage on life's pilgrimage. Many a useless, cunning, and dangerous human being makes a very good tiger, or spider, or camel. It cannot be honestly denied that a busy and crafty spider is justifying existence far more handsomely than a lazy and lying Greek."

The principle of Circe's scientific magic is that she always transforms men into the animals most resembling their own real inner natures. Guided by this clue, Simo and the boy begin to hunt for Dolius among the amphibians but before they find him they encounter many philosophers, artists, and kings now leading double lives as apes, eagles, pelicans, crocodiles, and what not. They also encounter Odysseus, a fearful bore, always prating of his past adventures, in whom one suspects Mr. Phillpotts of perhaps avenging unhappy dinner hours with some famous living argonauts. Eventually all ends well, as, of course, it should.

"The Girl and the Faun" in any other age would have been written in verse. The fact that it is written in prose, with trickles of light humor, does not make it any the less a poem and a very delightful poem with something of the atmosphere, say, of Shelley's "Witch of Atlas." It is concerned with fancy, not imagination, certainly, but how delicate the fancy!

The main story deals with Coix, the faun, who hopelessly loves Iole, a herder of goats in Chimera, and after vainly plaguing Pan to take away his immortality returns in after years, having learned nothing and remembered nothing, to love her granddaughter in exactly the same way. This final note of eternal recurrence is a fitting conclusion for a poem through which the seasons move symbolically and the ever-renewed life of nature breathes its melancholy consolation.

The first cheque ever sent from New York to London by radio was for £593, part payment from the reorganized *McClure's Magazine* to Maj. Warwick Deeping for American serial rights of his first novel after "Sorrell and Son." The cheque was accepted by the Guaranty Trust Company in London in the ordinary way, as if it had come by mail, instead of being a radio-photograph of the original cheque.

The Bowling Green

Precis of a Journey. I.

IT is supposed that the things really important will somehow fix themselves in the gelatine of memory; that there is no need to take notes at the time because the true charm or significance will develop best by their own subconscious radiation. And indeed that notion is comfortable to the indolent, for it is almost impossible when travelling to sit down calmly and make inquest of one's mind. Yet there were some episodes I wish I had seized in a rough draft. I should like, now, to be more certain as to exactly what (if anything) I thought about them. (One of the delights of travelling is that one thinks so little.) If I had made a note, I could see them again more clearly; and with the vision before me I could now think about them better.

For instance the warm evening when we slipped down into the Second Cabin to join the dancing there. I dare say it is true in most alcoves of society, as it so often is on board ship, that while the First Cabin passengers have more deck space the Second have more fun. There were not enough of us in the First, that voyage, for the really rowdy kind of fun that I most enjoy; but in the Second they were having it *con brio*. There, in a way to restore your faith in the rollicking capacities of humanity, you see plump pursers and their agile assistants dancing off the manifests of the day, most admirable rotarians. And there I saw the Irish girl who causes me pang for not having made a memorandum. I could have done it then and there without embarrassing her, she was so unconsciously moving in an artery of life. She was enjoying herself. I had hoped that our voyage to Ireland might give me at least one glimpse of a leprechaun; well, here she was, and I saw nothing more thrilling except perhaps an iceberg opal in afternoon, and the Northern Lights beyond Cape Race.

I haven't described her, and that is my anxiety. For now, two months later, she has almost vanished (as leprechauns do.) She was smallish and darkish, and a bit greenish in the gaze; supple in the waist; airily active on a pair of well-planned shanks. Her hair, intended to be curly, was too nearly a frizzle by reason of some excessive toasting and cropping. But in the humidity of North Atlantic dancing some of its softness came back to it. Her dress, both Elsie and I agreed (and Elsie knows a good deal about dresses) was, for her, just exactly right. There was a kind of gilded mosquito netting over a skirt of vigorous but uncostly—well, I would have called it chintz; but when I think about it, it was less opaque than chintz. It was rather short and flared out a bit round the haunches. Now you will say I am sentimentalizing, but there was truly an enchanting pathos about that dress for it effected such violent brave gaiety with such cheap materials.

And it is not only a dress that is important, it is what emerges from a dress. Something emerged that seemed very important indeed. It was her elbow. She danced, like all natural and talented dancers, mostly in silence, but that white elbow spoke for her. It was held jauntily outward, even tilted a little above horizontal; it was poised as delicately as a butterfly's wing, satisfied and provoking. There was something about that elbow that would reassure you as to the fine flavor of life. There was swagger in it. None in the First Cabin would have dared dance with an ulna cocked so debonairly. Something like that, I dare say, the leprechauns of Antrim might stand akimbo under a whin bush to watch foreigners go by. Even her partner, whom I can't remember at all, he has vanished from the earth entirely so far as I'm concerned, even her partner must have been awed by the elbow; for when I first saw him he was holding his hand edgeways at her back, in the genteelest fashion. Later on, though, I was pleased to observe, his large palm was spread our properly, as an enthusiast's should be. Good heavens, a woman needs a little coöperation when she's dancing, doesn't she?

* * *

Now I can see that because I'm writing this more or less consciously for print I tend to become jocular—the universal way to evade attempting the truth about anything. And the odd fact is that it no longer seems to me worth while to take the trouble of writing at all unless you try to say what you really feel. So don't let me get jocular about that sudden flash of perception. Already it has begun to fade, but in that hour it had its certainty. In the warm crowded lounge, which rolled gently to and fro, we followed the elbow round and round. When we came back from a small brandy in the adjoining smokeroom, she was taking part in some sort of Irish jig. What is there about those old rustic capers that makes one aware. This is what life was meant for?

It probably wouldn't have helped, after all, if I had tried to catch her exact profile and bearing in an immediate memorandum. She would still have been just as elusive. She was the problem of every art; to make you feel, amid the racket and thrill of life itself, the adorable pang of the irreproducible instant. In that innocent perspiring throng she moved exultant, proud of her flimsy fineries, proud of the warmth in her veins, testimonial to this genial world, a small triumphant Now. Unconsciously she cried out to the artist, that old deceiving cry of every beauteous thing: *Here am I, and there is something in me that you and you only can understand.*

I looked for her again, that bright early morning when we debarked into the tender *Cynthia* for Londonderry. Was that she, that commonplace little figure in the machine-made suit and horridly shiny slippers too much strapped and scalloped, standing by the companionway and two gossoons clinging—to her elbow? I could not be sure, but it may have been.

* * *

I must be forgiven for putting down these inquirendoes haphazard and as they recur. I am embarrassed to realize that strong-minded travellers usually return with definite pronouncements about literature, politics, or international finance. When friendly Ship News asked me suddenly, in the very moment when Titania and I were gazing fiercely along the pier for our first glimpse of Urchin and Urchiness, what had been important in our trip, I could think of nothing except that I had been able to distinguish, blindfold, a 1911 Chambertin from a 1911 Musigny. That, though it is a test of discrimination analogously valuable to a literary taster (could you tell a Zane Grey from a Curwood if the volume were not labelled?) you will say is unimportant. But you must be patient. I believe that some curious speculations will emerge. I shall tell you of my great discovery in Westminster Abbey, for instance. But mark you: I have no theory to depose and no sagacious conclusions to offer. The strong-minded traveller, I gather, goes abroad to comment on what he sees. I prefer to let what I see comment on me. All these strange scenes, these other people with their so different ways of doing things, have they come any nearer than I to the great human satisfactions? And if so, what can I do about it? That, if he is honest, is what the traveller asks himself.

* * *

Customs vary greatly among different ships. Some I know where towards midnight a polite, even regretful, but quite definite master-at-arms makes the round remarking gravely "Ladies must be off the deck." In some other vessels, they tell me, passengers may err all night long provided no hullabaloo is committed. The Chief Officer has described to me how, looking down from the bridge in the soft midsummer dawn, he sees engrossed couples leaning together over the forward rail. Their heads are together and they palaver their sweet prolixities, quite Off Soundings. (What can remain to be said after all these hours?) But the hazy suffusion spreads and rises round them, and their comfortable darkness is gone. They realize the day and chase hurriedly to their berths. And the man on the bridge continues his vigil, tolerant and serenely amused.

Christopher Morley.

Under the heading "Scandalous publication: Voltaire honored," the Vatican organ *Osservatore* notices a new edition of Voltaire's stories published under the auspices of the Royalist and professedly Catholic "Action Française."

The *Osservatore* quotes approvingly reminders of the French Catholic press that Voltaire's works are still on the Index, and adds on its own account: "This publication, undertaken with such a lack of Catholic spirit by the 'Action Française,' is pernicious and utterly deplorable."

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Books of Special Interest

Enduring Tales

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS AND OTHER STORIES OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE. By HEMAN WHITE CHAPLIN. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1926. $2.

THOSE who knew his broad humanity, his alert interest in every phase of life and learning, his intellectual vitality, his profound culture, and his urbane humor which could sharpen to the rapier-point of irony, find in these stories corroborative evidence that a potentially notable figure in American letters was lost when circumstances made Heman White Chaplin a great lawyer instead of a professed writer. In the conservative 80's it was much doubted that writing fiction was quite compatible with professional dignity; wherefore these stories were published under the anagramatic pseudonym C. H. W., which remained the secret of author, publishers, and a few close friends nearly forty years. Mr. Chaplin became a leader of the New England Bar. He adventured gallantly in that cause of civil service reform which is the theme of one of these tales. During the anthracite coal strike of 1902 he published a notable pamphlet setting forth the paramount rights of the public. In his later years of retirement in Washington his great intellectual powers were bent to the completion of legal works which are accepted as authoritative. He died in the closing days of 1924, honored by his profession, loved by his friends, and but little known to the public.

Yet if he had developed the gifts so evident in this volume, a place must have been made for him beside the more eminent writers of New England's "silver age," the '80's and '90's and the opening decade of the present century. We can fancy his powers ripening through stories and novels of ordered beauty, flawless mirrors of his time and place, fraught but not overweighted with ethical and social implications. Since this was not to be, these stories, which might have been the auspicious first-offering of an eminent American author, remain the sole completed literary by-product of a distinguished lawyer.

Stories—they are not so much stories as studies; studies of the salt-sprayed land and the salt-blooded people he sprang from and knew; etchings in grey, not drab but the clear grey of New England air, New England rocks and beaches, New England seas. They are the almost plotless tales which only writers with a touch of genius can write, for the lesser talent must invent and contrive drama and wrest plot and character to preconceived ends, till artifice colors all. Had Mr. Chaplin continued writing, the accelerating crescendo of sensationalism in modern fiction would have left him out of its current; and we can fancy how his wit would have had its revenge.

But—how his people live!—how his New England shines through! A New England not quite gone but going; a New England which has put its impress not only on a continent but on the world; a New England of men and women who lived by the Bible and had the ruggedness and integrity of their rocks, the passions of their sea, too, strong but controlled; men and women nevertheless whose hearts were as tender as their justice was uncompromising.

These stories should be printed on paper made from the tough grass of the salt marshes. These pages crackle as you turn them, with the salt of New England seas.

New Guinea, Hot or Cold

THE HEART OF BLACK PAPUA. By MERLIN MOORE TAYLOR. New York: Robert W. McBride. 1926. $3.

IN UNKNOWN NEW GUINEA. By W. J. V. SAVILLE. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1926. $6.

Reviewed by REXFORD W. BARTON

HOW will you have your New Guinea, sir, hot or cold? *A la Saville* is a bit heavy for a snack. It is stuffed with observations *anthropologique*, garnished with *les histoires indigentes* and besprinkled generously with a condiment *des effects sec.* It is just the diet for the anthropological student who anticipates a journey to New Guinea or who knows he will never go there; or for the amateur economist who would write a comparison of the types of communism. For the natives of Mailu Island have a working formula that is more effective than the chaotic theories of the Russians.

According to Dr. Bronislaw Malinowski, the author of the introduction, "the Reverend W. J. V. Saville belongs to the modern type of missionary who has been able to fashion himself into an anthropologist. He has not relied exclusively upon the magic of 'the daily contact' with natives, but has resolutely attacked the study of sociological principles, acquired scientific terminology, and has become familiar with anthropological methods."

The author is a missionary, capable of dispassionate and imperturbable observation. More than twenty-five years of life among the natives has made the unexpected a commonplace for him. The result is that in this volume there is none of the "adventure" or freshness of point of view of the travel writer who goes "exploring" in a new land to record *his* impressions of little known peoples and their customs; who feels that he is taking his life in his hands as he stalks expectantly into the jungle haunts of cannibals. The word "cannibal" doesn't even appear in the index. Nor, it should be said, do we find there the word "Christian." The work is of undoubted and sound scientific value, but it will prove diasppointing to the reader of travel books.

* *

For him, however, we recommend "The Heart of Black Papua," *à la* Merlin Moore Taylor. There is a savory dish, steaming with tropic heat, spiced with incessant adventure and exhaustive if not inexhaustible thrills. There is an elusive aroma of *long pig* and a garnish of amusing incident that makes one loath to stop till the last morsel has been downed.

The book has no scientific value, unless as a chronicle of one incident in the life of wily Yapitze it shows the consummate powers of dissimulation of which the Papuan is capable. It fulfils its purpose, it entertains. Your arm chair becomes a camp stool and your reading lamp a hurricane light, the shadows about you stir and you strain your ears to catch the sound of the soft things of the jungle. You feel the eyes of watching, silent natives fixed on you with superstitious awe as the maker of great magic. The nerves tingle at the back of your neck lest a poisoned arrow find you, its mark. There is a sympathetic twitch in the sole of your foot as a leaf in the trail is turned aside revealing poisoned thorns. For all too short a time the travel reader ventures in "The Heart of Black Papua;" but when a saner moment comes upon him he may learn from Dr. Saville just why the heart of New Guinea is so somber.

An Heroic Epistle

SATIRICAL POEMS. Published anonymously by WILLIAM MASON, with Notes by HORACE WALPOLE. Now first printed from his Manuscript. Edited with an Exposé of the Mystification, Notes and Index by PAGET TOYNBEE. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926.

Reviewed by W. S. LEWIS

IN February, 1773, the Town was electrified by the appearance of "An Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, Knight, Comptroller General of His Majesty's Works, And Author of a late Dissertation on Oriental Gardening. Enriched with explanatory Notes, Chiefly extracted from that elaborate performance." The poem was published anonymously, which, in spite of the usualness of such a course, heightened the interest. Edition upon edition was called for, and even Sir William Chambers's "Oriental Gardening" picked up, and sold three hundred copies. Writing to Mason Horace, Walpole declared: "There is more wit, ten times more delicacy of irony, as much poetry and greater facility than, and as, in the 'Dunciad.'" Even Junius received scarcely more admiration or speculative consideration than did the anonymous author. Walpole himself was suspected of having written it and he, to protect Mason, encouraged the belief that it was Christopher Anstey's. He covered his own copy with so many annotations that he found it necessary to insert blank pages to record all his enthusiasm. And now, one hundred and thirty years later, Dr. Toynbee has brought it all clearly into the light with his usual thoroughness and wealth of reference. Walpole's notes to Mason's later poems (for the "Heroic Epistle" was followed by less successful Epistles and Odes) follow the poems themselves, and so we have at last the riddle riddled. The book is only for scholars and enthusiasts, but for them it is indispensable.

Jonathan Cape, Esq., Publisher, of Bedford Square, London, has recently dispatched to us by a swift ship, the first British reviews of

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The Daily Telegraph

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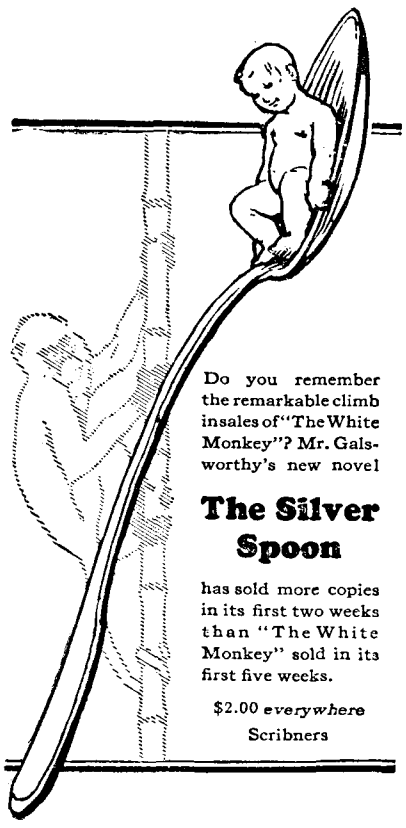

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Books of Special Interest

The Educational Gap

SPIRITUAL VALUES IN ADULT EDUCATION. By Basil A. Yeaxlee. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926. $8.75.

Reviewed by Mary Agnes Hamilton

IF I were asked to put, in a sentence, what I feel to be the biggest advantage enjoyed by the United States over my own country, I should cite the fact that free public education, which with us stops when the child, at fourteen, leaves the primary school, there extends to secondary schooling. Free primary education is, with us, not more than half a century old; for free secondary education we are still fighting, and, at the moment, with but poor hope. That being so, the movement described by Dr. Yeaxlee, in his two ample volumes, is, inevitably, more important in Great Britain than in the United States. For though he talks of adult education as applicable to all adults, and urges, with incontrovertible force, that there is none whose education is finished, in a sense, and that a tragic one, adult education, as commonly understood and practiced in England, is an admission of social failure.

It is thought of and organized, whether inside the churches or outside of them, as education for the working classes—a form of instruction designed to fill up, belatedly, the gap left in their equipment for life by the fact that 90 per cent of them leave school at the age of fourteen, and get no subsequent organized teaching. Free education terminates: the pressure of economic necessity drives boy or girl into the labor market. That is normal. That, further, is why a proportion of the teaching supplied, by voluntary agencies, to these same half-baked products, is deeply colored by a propagandist bias which Dr. Yeaxlee very justly condemns as aside from any true purpose of education. There is a harsh realism in this, which his enthusiasm is too honest to refute. The propagandism of some groups corresponds to the philanthropy of others; both arise out of the same root fact—the fact that there is this huge educational gap, covering the great majority of the workers.

Essentially, and in its origins, the adult educational movement is, and always has been, an effort to fill this gap. It was thus that Lovett, the Chartist, saw it; his sense of it compelled him to devote his later years exclusively to the cause of education. The gap was still yawning, in 1903, when the Workers Educational Association was formed. It remains, today; the multifarious, and mainly uncoördinated activities Dr. Yeaxlee describes only register its reach and extent. He gives a most excellent survey, of a completeness that, in itself, lends value to his volumes, of all that is being done and attempted in the way of adult education; anyone who wants to know the data will find them all assembled and organized here, clearly and definitely. But the fulness of his description only forces home more sharply the sense of inadequacy, and of deprivation. As Sir George Newman puts it:

> In the first place, the education provided has probably been too miscellaneous and casual, insufficiently thorough and organized. Some schools have been overdone with emotional religiousness (though never with religion) and underdone on their intellectual side. With others, the opposite has been the case. . . . The education afforded by an Adult School tends to be discontinuous . . . The whole movement is lamentably short of teachers and tutors, of books and equipment. We have hoped great things of it, but we have starved it.

Dr. Yeaxlee's purpose is not merely descriptive. He is concerned with the spirit as well as the substance of education, and on that spirit he can be, and often is, eloquent. It is, however, a pity that, possessing, as he does, ideas and ideals that are transparently clear, although difficult of attainment, he should rely so little on his own power to state them. The scrap book habit is a temptation to nearly everyone who has a case which he feels strongly; the illusion that a "cloud of witnesses" will enforce conviction is hard to resist. Dr. Yeaxlee has compiled a useful book, but it might have been half as long and twice as readable had he cast overboard most of the supporting quotations he has laboriously assembled, in order to drive home the view that education is an affair of the spirit. He knows what he thinks. He is a Christian, who sees no necessary antithesis between Christianity and science, but believes that "Courage and catholicity" can, and should, go hand in hand. Most of his authorities however, are platitudinous generalizations and he would have been much better without them.

Irving's Journal

WASHINGTON IRVING DIARY. Spain, 1828-1829. Edited by Clara Louisa Penney. New York: The Hispanic Society of America. 1926.

Reviewed by Stanley Williams
Yale University

THIS small volume is an admirable reminder of the need for accurate and scholarly work upon source material in American literature. Miss Penney's finished product is so readable and complete that one is likely to forget the difficulty of the problems which she has solved with discretion. Irving's diaries in manuscript are severe tests for the reader of manuscripts; they are filled with the names of many persons now unidentifiable, they are often slovenly in arrangement. Miss Penney has frankly admitted the impossibility of certain illegible words, has kept the text clear, and has also in her concise, pertinent notes illumined the significant passages.

Some of Miss Penney's editorial decisions may oppose established customs about the editing of source material of this nature. For instance, the relegation of these notes to the back of the book does, I think, Irving's story a disservice, and makes the task of the scholar (who will use this volume more than the casual reader) more difficult. Possibly, too, Miss Penney might have numbered the pages of the manuscript, and indicated unobtrusively in the margin of the book the actual position in the original of each passage. These are, however, matters of preference. She is not, of course, responsible for the ugly page form of the volume, with its lower running caption in large letters, "*Hispanic notes and monographs.*" This may be introduced for uniformity in a series of which the "Diary" is a part, but the effect in reading is oppressive. Such externals, however, cannot subtract from the total result, a scholarly and reliable book. The index deserves a word of praise in passing.

The content of the "Diary" contributes no sensational fact to the knowledge of Irving in those years when he was idling in the Alhambra and writing "The Conquest of Granada," but indicates with a certain finality the life of the writer day by day. Thus we have already a considerable body of information on the relations of Washington Irving and David Wilkie, the painter. But here is the proof of their constant intimacy, and the authoritative record of how they spent their time together. Irving's real interest in painting began in the meeting in Paris with Washington Allston in March, 1805. This remained a definite influence in his life, and though he is always satirical, hinting that he will always remain an amateur, there is evidence in this "Diary," and in correspondence with Wilkie, to show that he learned much of this art through his association with Wilkie and with Stuart and Newton.

The "Diary" drops valuable hints, also, concerning Irving's interest in music, drama, and architecture, but most suggestive, aside from the concern with painting, is the revelation, or rather the confirmation of his habits as a writer. Irving seems sometimes capable within a short time of infinite hardship and infinite luxury. He can sleep on the deck of a steamer wrapped merely in his own cloak and make a journey across robber-infested Spain, quite good-humoredly, but we find him quite as ill-humored about his sitting down to write, when not in the mood. Indisposed in the least, he will not attack his "Granada," but a later entry shows him at it half the night. It was this, it will be recalled, that Longfellow noticed when he found him in Spain, and it was this freedom, perhaps, which accounts for some of the repose of his style, so strongly sustained through so many volumes of prose.

The second volume of the interesting correspondence between his grandfather, Count Giuseppe Pasolini, and Marco Minghetti, which Count Guido Pasolini is publishing has made its appearance. It covers the period from 1855 to 1859, years of large importance in Italian history. Both the correspondents were agriculturists and the earlier letters in the volume deal in large part with matters of the land, but as the correspondence proceeds, politics enter into the letters.

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Literature Abroad

By ERNEST BOYD

IT was in the year 1911, or thereabouts, that the circulating library dovecots were fluttered by the appearance of a translation of "Den Farlige Alder" of Karin Michaëlis, under the title of "The Dangerous Age," made from the French version, apparently, because the English edition was adorned by a preface from the still redoubtable author of "Les Demi-Vierges." Six years earlier "The Child: Andrea" had been published without effect in England, but this frank analysis of the sexual life of a woman of forty was regarded at the time as daring and the author's existence for English-speaking readers dated from the publication of "The Dangerous Age." It also ended with that work, so far as the majority of readers was concerned, for nothing that was subsequently offered by her met with similar horrified enthusiasm.

Nowadays, I suppose, Elsie Lindter would merely cause a shrug of Freudian shoulders, and every schoolgirl would know exactly what to do in such cases. Wherefore the author was wise to offer for further consideration abroad "The Seven Sisters," which has been translated from the Dano-Norwegian into French under the title of "Femmes," in a series of Scandinavian authors edited by Lucien Maury, who shares with Maurice Muret the distinction of being one of the few international literary critics in France. In this work there is nothing reminiscent of what was described as "morbid" and "neurotic" in the earlier novel. In the form of letters, "Femmes" relates the marriage problems of the six out of seven sisters who attempt to reconcile that state with their illusions and their demands as modern women. Of the seven only two achieve happiness. Guite, the archæologist, because she is absorbed in her profession, although not untroubled by sex, and Guille, who is a midwife married to a male nurse, both being occupied with similar work and happily interested in it. The unhappy women, diverse as their matrimonial experiments are, all come to grief because they obviously ask of that institution more than the traffic of domestic life will bear. It is a sane and not uninteresting analysis of the various elements, great and small, which complicate the varied relationships conveniently but deceptively known as marriage. However much a new generation may smile at the hysteria of "The Dangerous Age," the questions raised by "Femmes" will not be evaded either with the help of divorce or of psychoanalysis.

Last winter headlines in the French press definitely greeted Sigrid Undset as the winner of the Nobel Prize for literature. As it turned out, no award was made for 1925, but the way had been prepared, at least, for a translation of the author into French, which has now appeared in the shape of a volume containing "L'Age Heureux" and "Simonsen." "The Happy Age" is her second novel and dates from 1908, while "Sominsen" is a story from a volume called "Poor People" which was published in 1912, after Sigrid Undset had established her name with "Jenny." It was this last work which introduced her in this country a few years ago, without much success until her great triology, "Kristin Lavransdatter," followed, under the titles of "The Bridal Wreath" and "The Mistress of Husaby," with "The Cross," due for publication next October.

After that triology was completed, Sigrid Undset wrote nothing of importance until last December, when she launched a second triology, "Olav Audunson," another picture of mediæval life, whose success may be measured by the fact that 25,000 copies were sold in two months in Norway alone. Critical opinion was not, however, so enthusiastic, for it was felt that her Olav was a figure lacking the vital reality of Kristin, her masterpiece. Sigrid Undset is essentially a portrayer of feminine types, and if her defects of prolixity and lack of continuity in narrative did not harm the great fresco of "Kristin Lavransdatter," where she gives rein to her learning in archæological lore, the repetition of similar defects and effects loses charm.

It is curious that a mediæval trilogy should prove more popular in English than her contemporary fiction, of which "Jenny," "The Happy Age," and "Simonsen" are typical. In "The Happy Age" Sigrid Undset and Karin Michaëlis meet in a common disillusionment concerning life in general and domestic life in particular. The title is used ironically, because the story shows how happiness rarely comes to us at the age reputed happy. Youth is not a time of happiness, and life must be lived with philosophic resignation, for love and marriage are not the mainstay of a woman's existence, and the disillusionment they occasion need not be a subject of tragic despair. in "Simonsen" she presents the life of a nobody, a futile minor employé, who loses his job and extricates himself from a love affair. In both these early works Sigrid Undset's faults are apparent: the realism is purely photographic, and the main course of the narrative terminates abruptly in mid-air, or attention is deviated by the author's inability to resist side issues.

For reasons which philologists will dispute, Finnish literature is classed with Scandinavian, although Finnish, despite borrowings from Swedish, is a language of the same family as Magyar, and no more Scandinavian than it is Slavonic. Thus, in M. Maury's series I find Aleksis Kivi's "Les Sept Frères" listed as a Scandinavian classic. Kivi lived between 1834 and 1872 and shares with his contemporary, Pietari Päivärinta, the distinction of having founded modern Finnish literature. Both gentlemen, I may add, were Swedes, but wrote Finnish. "The Seven Brothers" is not a novel in the present sense of the word, but rather a species of peasant epic, interspersed with dramatic dialogue, episodic and rambling, rather more akin to "Don Quixote," which inspired it in parts, than to the novel of today.

Modern taste is more likely to be satisfied by "Fugitives," by Johannes Linnankoski, which has just appeared in French. Linnankoski is the only contemporary Finnish novelist to be translated into English since 1893, when Nisbet Bain introduced Finnish fiction into England with an excellent little volume of Juhani Aho's stories entitled "Squire Hellman." It is only a few years ago since Linnankoski dawned gloriously upon the Scandinavian horizon. I remember when the bookshop windows of Copenhagen were gaily bedecked with the bright civers of a work of which everyone was soon talking, "Den blodrode Blomst," on which was depicted a young lady in a pink undergarment, that seemed curiously incongruous in the Northerly clime where the scene was laid. This was "Laulu Tulipunaisesta Kukasta," indubitably a Finnish novel, although described as Swedish by the Danish publisher. In due course the book reached England and America, under the title of "The Song of the Blood-red Flower." Despite a reproduction of the young lady aforesaid, there was, as I recall it, no particular enthusiasm displayed for the talents of Johannes Linnankoski.

"Fugitives" was first published in 1909, four years after "The Song of the Blood-red Flower," after the author had been living away from his own country in Paris and elsewhere. Like so much of this Northern literature, it is a work in which peasant life and peasant minds are interpreted as no other literature has interpreted them. Uutela, an old farmer, rich and prosperous at seventy, decides to take to himself a young wife, in satisfaction for the humiliation of his youth when a young girl refused him because he was an illegitimate child. What happens to aged husbands with young wives happened, and the wife's parents induce the old man to sell the farm and move away to a distant province, where the child that is not his is born. One day Uutela learns the truth, a second time he is humiliated, all his ambition comes to naught, but gradually he comes round to the decision that he must pardon his wife and recognize the child. The psychology of this simple soul is powerfully drawn and in a brief compass Linnankoski tells a story comparable to Reymont's "Peasants" in its profound sense of rural life.

A Swedish novelist whom we may yet encounter in English is Ivan Jjarne, author of nine volumes since his first work, "En Watsked i Timmen" ("A Teaspoonful at Meals") appeared in 1911, whose "Glaedjens Hus" has just been translated into French as "Maison de Joie." An attempt was made to enlist curiosity and sympathy for this novel by the statement that it had been boycotted by the Swedish press when first published ten years ago. The title announced the subject, which is supposed to have shocked Sweden. The story of each inmate of a brothel is related, with all the stereotyped sentimentalities which are deemed appropriate for such ladies and their woes. Kuprin did the thing no better in "Yama," and within its limits, "Maison de Joie" is readable. But it cannot be classed with the classic variation upon this theme, "La Maison Tellier," Jean Lorrain's "Maison Philibert," or Pérez de Ayala's colorful picture of *ces dames* in "Troteras y Danzaderas." Despite the lofty silence of the Swedish reviewers, due we are told to their preoccupation with higher things, the book is fairly certain of success in translation.

Foreign Notes

THE third volume of the German official account of the war, "Der Weltkrieg, 1914 bis 1918," (Berlin: Mittler), has recently made its appearance. Stout volume though it is (it contains 427 pages), it covers only the few days from August 27 to September 4, 1914—that is the period between the end of the battles along the frontier to the eve of the Battle of the Marne. It contains little documentary material and no statistics as to casualties, and it is written from the point of view of the Supreme Command and the armies.

At the request of the late Sir Rider Haggard, his friend and publisher, C. J. Longman, has edited and prepared for the press the autobiography which the author had before his death completed for a period covering over fifty-five years of his life.

In his "Rien Que la Terre" (Paris: Grasset) Paul Morand has furnished a vivid and glancing narrative presenting impressions of travel in all corners of the world. M. Morand writes with freshness and charm, his observations are acute, and his comment is lively and pointed.

A volume essential to the reference library of those concerned with foreign affairs is the "Annuaire General de la France et l'Etranger," (Paris: Larousse). The issue of the handbook for 1926 has recently appeared, and is like its predecessors, an admirable reference work. The compilation covers all phases of France and contains a large amount of information on the French dependencies.

In his "Pittura Italiana dell' Ottocento" (Rome: Arte Illustrata) Emilio Cecchi has produced a much-needed work on this period of Italian art. His narrative is comprehensive, well arranged, and balanced in its criticism.

What is said to be a really notable first novel, "Sous le Soleil de Satan," by George Bernanos (Paris: Plon) has met with a welcome quite remarkable for its warmth in France. The book, powerful, gloomy, and yet subtle records in its first part the history of a young girl, who betrayed by the man she loves, kills him, escapes the detection of her crime, bears her child in secret, and returns home with her fair name untouched. The second part depicts the life and adventures of a young priest, who is saint and ascetic, but who has his tussle with Satan. Escaped safe from him, he meets the girl of the first part, who straightway goes home and commits suicide. In the third and last part of the book the abbé, become a saint, attempts a miracle, fails, and dies in the confessional of heart failure. It is a sombre and impressive work.

M. André Maurois has been in London making some investigations at the British Museum. His first novel, "Bernard Quesnay," will be published in England in the spring by Jonathan Cape. It has had a great success in Paris. It is the story of how a young man, after being demobilized from the French army, gradually loses his desire to take up literature and the arts and is absorbed instead by his grandfather's factory. This is the opposite of M. Maurois's own story. His real name is Herzog, and his family are important manufacturing drapers at Elbeuf, near Rouen. Instead of being absorbed by the life of this factory, M. Maurois has been striving since the War to get entirely clear of it in order to devote himself exclusively to literature.

A group of London publishers have been over to Leipzig to examine German methods of book distribution.

Under the title "Bemühungen" (Berlin: Fischer), Thomas Mann has brought together a number of essays, the greater part of which have already been published elsewhere. The papers thus collected are discussions of literary values and analyses of the work of some of the outstanding makers of literature, studies of culture in general, and comment on current political and social theory.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later

Belles Lettres

THE HOUSE OF SATAN. By *George Jean Nathan.* Knopf.

KEATS. By *H. W. Garrod.* Oxford University Press.

ON ENGLAND. By *Stanley Baldwin.* Stokes. $4.

WILLIAM BLAKE'S PROPHETIC WRITINGS. Edited by *D. J. Sloss* and *J. P. R. Wallis.* Oxford University Press. 2 vols. $14.

SHORT TALKS WITH THE DEAD AND OTHERS. By *Hilaire Belloc.* Harpers. $3.

Biography

ECHOES AND MEMORIES. By BRAMWELL BOOTH. Doran. 1926.

In this series of impressions Mr. Bramwell Booth, General of the Salvation Army, contrives to give a fairly good account of the lives and aims of these Protestant Franciscans. The book is not a history of the Army nor is it exactly a biography of General Booth, the author's father and the Founder of the Army. In form it is rambling, in style undistinguished, and throughout completely innocent of anything like singleness of purpose. But nevertheless it gives a first-rate idea of the sincerity, earnestness, and complete lack of bigotry which have characterized the Army from its foundation.

The Salvation Army is the modern incarnation of the Mediæval Mendicant Order. It has charity for the very lowest—the "undeserving poor." Theology and ceremony it has little use for. Its primary purpose may be to "save souls" but if a soul doesn't want to be saved, there are sympathy and material assistance forthcoming just the same.

The rise of the Salvation Army will some day be recognized as an important episode in religious history, and Bramwell Booth's volume will be an important source. But just at present it has most interest for those who have seen the "soldiers" singing and praying in some dismal little square and wondered what it was all about.

LETTERS OF LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY. Edited by *Grace Guiney.* Harpers. 2 vols.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM GODWIN. By *Ford K. Brown.* Dutton. $6.

Classics

OPUS EPISTOLARUM DES ERASMI ROTERDAMI. By *P. S. Allen.* Oxford University Press.

EARLY GREEK ELEGY. By *T. Hudson-Williams.* Oxford University Press. $3.50.

JOSEPHUS: THE LIFE AGAINST APION. Vol. I. Translated by *H. St. J. Thackeray.* (Loeb Classical Library). Putnams. $2.50.

PLUTARCH'S LIVES. Vol. XI. Translated by *Bernadotte Perrin.* (Loeb Classical Library). Putnams. $2.50.

EPICTETUS. Vol. I. Translated by *W. A. Oldfather.* (Loeb Classical Library). Putnams. $2.50.

Drama

SUICIDE. By *Conrad Seiler.* Cromwell. $2 net.

THE GARBAGE MAN. By *John Dos Passos.* Harpers. $2.

THE FAIRY BRIDE. By *Norreys Jephson O'Conor.* Samuel French.

ADAM. By *Edward Noble Stone.* University of Washington Press.

RED OLEANDERS. By *Rabindranath Tagore.* Macmillan. $2.

ABOUT SHAKESPEARE AND HIS PLAYS. By *G. F. Brady.* Oxford University Press. $1.20.

Education

ENGLISH APPLIED IN TECHNICAL WRITING. By *Clyde W. Park.* Crofts. $2.25.

A MILTON HANDBOOK. By *James Holby Hanford.* Crofts. $1.50.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AND ITS RULERS. By *J. E. Kirkpatrick.* New Republic. $1.

BEFORE BOOKS. Edited by *Caroline Pratt.* Adelphi.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF FRENCH. By *Otto F. Bond.* University of Chicago Press. $1.

TRAINING IN CITIZENSHIP. By *R. W. Hatch.* Scribners. $1.60.

HISTORY AND THE OTHER SOCIAL STUDIES IN THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL. By *Daniel C. Knowlton.* Scribners. $1.60.

OUR ENGLISH. By *Joseph Villiers Denney, Eleanor L. Skinner* and *Ada M. Skinner.* Scribners. $1.20.

Fiction

THE DESERT THOROUGHBRED. By JACKSON GREGORY. Scribners. 1926. $2.

The tumultuous action of Mr. Gregory's extremely good Western story fluctuates between southern California and the Mexican border town of Mexicali. Another Jim, this time an expert breeder of thoroughbred Arabian horses and the suspected murderer of his late partner, a man as honest, fearless, and innocent of wrongdoing as he is maligned and persecuted by those who seek his ruin, plays the part of hero. His sinister enemies gradually manufacture the dastardly evidence that puts a rope round Jim's neck, but at the last moment they are confounded, and Jim is cleared with honor. The crucial final events, although sacrificing probability to supreme dramatic effectiveness, leave one breathless and spellbound, if wholly incredulous. Nevertheless, no one writes better romance of this type than Mr. Gregory, and in our opinion he has not yet written the superior of this.

THE STOOPING VENUS. By BRUCE MARSHALL. Dutton. 1926. $2.

Here is a minor novelist with narrative ability who exhibits many patent faults and at the same time reveals power. Nothing could do more to "put us off" the heroine of his book than his opening paragraph concerning her, which is screamingly bad. And the way Louise uses French phrases throughout his novel is enough to set one's teeth on edge. Then there is the inflatedly "significant" passage ever and anon, the "purple patch" of soggy "poetic" prose. The book is over-written and sometimes the characters seem to mouth banalities for hours. And again recurrently the names of living authors are dragged in at boring length. Miss Pinkerton is a minor bore given altogether too much space in the book for no apparent reason save that the author is fascinated in telling us what she talked about.

She mentioned novelists, she talked of Sinclair Lewis as though he were her next-door neighbor, and of Paul Morand as though he had married her best friend; she contrasted Father Ronald Knox with the Reverand R. J. Campbell, she connected Dr. Banting and insulin with the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, she coughed up Huxley, and she coughed up Darwin. . . .

Well, suppose she did? A little of that kind of thing goes a long way. It should be introduced deftly or not at all; but Mr. Marshall usually spreads himself. He reminds himself constantly that he must be clever. Cleverness, however, does not consist in cataloguing all the writers and popular songs and minor events you can remember. All this on the debit side.

On the credit side, Mr. Marshall frequently forgets that he is a clever young novelist and grows absorbed in his story, conveys the emotions he actually feels and that his characters actually feel. He reveals experience and knowledge of life, sensitivity, power in reserve. With all its faults the book occasionally glows. In metaphor, there is plenty of dead wood for Mr. Marshall to clear away from around the structure of his story, but there is a structure, even under emotionalism like a lush and tangled overgrowth. There are many lapses in taste, not from the point of view of frank speaking (Mr. Marshall's frank speaking is healthy and interesting), but in regard to stereotyped writing, trite description, boring elucidation. In other words Mr. Marshall needs badly to use the blue pencil; for he has a story to tell, an ability to present living characters, a sense of drama, an observant eye, energy in narative.

His young girl, Babs, made a special impression. She is well presented. The incident at Clovenfords is well handled, the climax at the Hotel Broxburn is not bad in the main. The sidelights on contemporary Edinburgh are interesting. The triangle of Louise and Robert and Lord Strathcrombie never involved our sympathies on one side or the other very strongly, but they are not puppets. The author of their being displays undoubted facility. Banality and sentimentality are the pitfalls he must avoid. He must exercise more rigor in criticism of his tendency to overwrite and his choice of phrase. He can do far more finished, incisive work than this, for he has gifts as a writer.

CODE OF MEN. By HOMER KING GORDON. Crowell. 1926. $2.

"Smiling" Jim Lawson, owner of prosperous New Mexico cattle ranch, is threatened with the loss of his property through the underhand scheming of a crafty newcomer. There is nothing for Jim and his cowboys to do but stand and fight for the preservation of their rights. The interloper is strongly supported by local desperadoes, and the ensuing conflict is prolonged to extreme limits of violence and bloodshed. Although the action is sustained at a whirlwind pace throughout, due to the excellence of the author's style and craftsmanship, the tale adheres to a plausibility usually missing from this type of fiction. Jim's love affair is, to be sure, a trifle far-fetched, but this was to be expected and its development is of subordinate importance to the main theme of the story.

THE BIG HOUSE. By MILDRED WASSON. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.

Light-weight in accomplishment, though not in intention, this tale merely scratches the surface of an arable soil that deserved deeper cultivation. The big house, the occupants of which had for several generations dominated the social and financial interests of a small Maine town, might well have been made the symbol that its author evidently meant it to be. But her means were inadequate to the task. Most of the members of the older and newer generations that she pictures are conventional figures and merely click into the well-worn grooves cut out by their many predecessors.

The book, however, will satisfy those patrons of the lending libraries, who periodically ask the young lady in charge for a nice new novel. It holds the attention, several aspects of New England life, past and present, are plausibly reproduced, and the patter of the youngest representatives of the old families breaks up the pages smartly, if not wittily. Neither the plot nor the theories of *noblesse oblige* voiced by these heirs and heiresses of pioneering forebears need keep anyone awake at night.

LAVINIA AND THE DEVIL. By CAMILLA YORK. Dutton. 1926. $2.

This is a cleverly condensed light novel. And the masquerading out of which all its final complications spring could never, we are convinced, have been carried out. The reader is airily asked to believe a great deal too much. We are asked to believe that just because people told her she wasn't modern enough a most attractive girl of this era created for herself another personality, that of a "notorious" Russian princess and completely fooled all but one of her admirers. Well, we will swallow that. We are then asked to believe that in her assumed rôle she finally became the mistress of the man she loved and who loved her, and lived with him off and on for some time without his ever discovering her real identity, her disguise in the meanwhile involving a false wig and much facial painting. But that is a little too much! Men are unobservant, but we cannot believe that any man is quite as stupid as all that.

In the story Peter, rather a poor stick of a young man, swallows the whole thing, lock, stock and barrel, and incidentally reveals himself as rather a cad. But Lavinia still loves him. He becomes "impossible" when he finds out the trick that has been played on him. Yet she must have him in the end and so at his first gesture in her direction again she falls into his arms. Being male we resent Peter as a type of male. Captain Wallace, stupid as *he* was, would have made Lavinia a much better husband,—but—well—she deserved what she got.

The author of this story has, however, an ability to write lively dialogue. Her style is neat and bright. She has a light touch which could carry off almost any situation less preposterous. She has originality, though in this instance she has given it too much rope.

SYBIL. By *Benjamin Disraeli.* Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

TWO CHAPTERS OF PERSUASION. Printed from *Jane Austen's* Autograph. Oxford University Press. $1.75.

MARKETING DEB. By *Hughes Cornell.* Macaulay. $2.

THE ADVENTURES OF HAJJI BABA OF ISPAHAN. By *James Morier.* Knopf. $3 net.

MARTHA AND MARY. By *J. Anker Larsen.* Knopf. $3 net.

THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS. By *Marmaduke Pickthall.* Knopf.

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS AND OTHER STORIES. FROM NINE TO NINE. By *Leo Perutz.* Viking Press. $2.

History

1825-1925: A CENTURY OF STUPENDOUS PROGRESS. By JOSEPH MCCABE. Putnams. 1926. $1.50.

Mr. McCabe is a practiced publicist and in this volume he collects an imposing array of material advance and flaunts it it before Chesterton and Belloc and the other glorifiers of past ages. He does so in a lively, if oracular, manner and, in particular, takes issue with the recent pessimistic essays

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

History

(*Continued from preceding page*)

of Bertrand Russell and Professor Schiller. Most of the book consists of topical demonstration of the change for the better achieved in a wide variety of fields and Mr. McCabe does not confine himself to surface indications only. He would not have his readers believe that he thinks the present age perfect, but he unrolls before their eyes the boundless potentialities for the future of his youthful god, Science. It is, however, a little difficult in the United States at least to agree with him that we need more pride in the century's achievements and more optimism (or "meliorism") as to the future. The "service" clubs have made those attitudes professional and, while one can agree with much in Mr. McCabe's catalogue, one could pray for a little more caution and uncertainty and a little less dexterous dodging of some fundamental issues. Pessimism of the Karel Capek school, for instance, is ignored and the admission that little improvement in human character can be noted is not an exoneration. Of course the mass, not the cream of society is here under discussion. Finally, when a publicist insists on being certain where scientists urge caution, scientists writhe. An example in this case would be Dr. Banting, all of whose repeated statements are ignored where the author asserts that insulin is "a perfect cure" for diabetes.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By *George Macaulay Trevelyan*. Longmans, Green. $4.25.

STUDIES AND RECORDS. Vol. I. Minneapolis: Norwegian-American Historical Association. $2.

THE MARTYRDOM OF MAN. By *Winwood Reade*. Dutton. $2.

THE MIND OF THE NEGRO AS REFLECTED IN LETTERS WRITTEN DURING THE CRISIS, 1800-1860. Edited by *Carter G. Woodson*. Washington, D. C.: Association for the Study of Negro Life and History. $5 net.

CANADIAN PUBLIC OPINION ON THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. By *Helen G. Macdonald*. Columbia University Press. $3.75.

TALL TIMBER. By *Chesla C. Sherlock*. Stratford. $3.

HISTORICAL ASPECTS OF THE IMMIGRATION PROBLEM. By *Edith Abbott*. University of Chicago Press. $4.50.

SYRIA. By *Leonard Stein*. Adelphi. $1.50 net.

THE NEW DEMOCRACY. By *Woodrow Wilson*. Edited by *Ray Stannard Baker* and *William E. Dodd*. Harpers. 2 vols.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN AND ENGLISH SOCIAL POLITICS. By *Elsie E. Gulley*. Longmans, Green.

FOUR CENTURIES OF MODERN IRAQ. By *Stephen Hemsley Longrigg*. Oxford University Press. $7 net.

International

ESSAYS ON NATIONALISM. By CARLTON J. H. HAYES. Macmillan. 1926. $3.

Professor Hayes has performed a very useful service in this volume. Without attempting either novelty or profundity, he has set out in a clear and convincing way the case against that exuberant nationalism which is one of the outstanding characteristics of our time. He shows its dangerous relationship to intolerance and military adventure, the way in which it acts as a barrier to that cosmopolitan outlook we so sorely need, the myths it requires in order to keep the impulses on which it feeds at fever-point. He does not seek to destroy the love of country. His aim is rather to insist upon the need to set it in a proper perspective. For nationalism in its modern form is seldom compatible with peace; and in a world dependent upon science, civilization and war are incompatible.

BRITAIN'S ECONOMIC PLIGHT. By *Frank Plachy, Jr.* Little, Brown. $1.50 net.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH CHINA. By *Rodney Gilbert*. Stokes. $4.

Miscellaneous

THE SPELL OF THE TURF. By SAMUEL C. HILDRETH and JAMES R. CROWELL. Lippincott. 1926. $4.

The "Story of American Racing," which is the sub-title of Messrs. Hildreth and Crowell's volume implies rather a broad claim. As a matter of fact it is, to a great extent, the life story of Samuel C. Hildreth, whose connections and participation in turf affairs during the last half century have been such that one can readily forgive the somewhat comprehensive claim. The story is much more than a cross-section. Given the unusual experience of Hildreth and the trained writing ability of Crowell and you have a combination hard to improve upon. Between them they have produced a volume which is not only extremely good reading but which will have to be considered when and if a real history of the American turf is ever written. It would be unfair to point out that Mr. Crowell has at times erred in attempting to give the narrative too much sporting color. At the worst this tendency is the natural one of a good journalist. Besides "The Spell of the Turf" was written for popular reading and not for the very limited circulation which is attained by the average book on racing.

The life of Samuel C. Hildreth, from his early youth when he rode in "quarter horse" races in Kentucky, Missouri, and Texas, has always been closely associated with horses and the racing game. He sketches vividly the character of his father Vincent Hildreth and the Gypsy-like wandering of the family with "Red Morroco" and other race-horses in search of matches. The story of "Red Morroco's" final defeat in a memorable match with "Gray Alice" owned by a certain famous Sheriff Brown of Texas reads like an epic.

American racing, especially in the West, was in its infancy, and Sam Hildreth grew up with it. Riding races, training horses —and incidentally tending bar for the horse owner—Hildreth never got far from the atmosphere of the turf. There was a brief period of blacksmithing—shoeing race-horses of course—and then a gradual working up to his present position as one of the leading trainers engaged in the sport. Men and horses of high degree are pictured in these entertaining pages.

Mr. Hildreth relates the story of many a thrilling encounter from the inside. A wealth of memories indeed.

FOLK BELIEFS OF THE SOUTHERN NEGRO. By *Newbell Niles Puckett*. University of North Carolina Press. $5.

CREATING AND CONSERVING STATES. By *Alexander C. Robinson* and *Edward A. Woods*. Crofts. $3.

MAKING MONEY HAPPILY. By *Herbert A. Casson*. Forbes. $2.50.

HOW TO HUNT WITH THE CAMERA. By *William Nesbit*. Dutton. $10.

LABORATORY OUTLINES IN BACTERIOLOGY AND IMMUNOLOGY. By *John F. Florton* and *O. S. Falk*. University of Chicago. $2.

BIRTH CONTROL AND THE STATE. By *C. P. Blacker*. Dutton. $1.

GIET AND ART SHOP MERCHANDISING. By *Grace P. T. Kniedson*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

TEA ROOM AND CAFETERIA MANAGEMENT. By *R. N. Elliott*. Little, Brown. $1.50 net.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF TASTE. By *Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin*. Boni & Liveright. $3.50.

Philosophy

MATTER AND LIFE. By ANGELA MARCO. Vinal. 1926. $2.

This is by far the best of many recent semi-philosophical works designed to reconcile the general public to the world view implied by modern science. The author possesses, what is frequently lacking both in professional philosophers and experimental scientists, common sense. She does not fiddle-faddle with technicalities, but seizes at once the main issues. Thus, quite modestly, she succeeds in achieving a philosophy more consistent and persuasive than much that goes by the name. The old quarrel between mind and matter she rightly regards as obsolescent. Biology and physics agree in revealing matter as everywhere energized, responsive to stimulus, full of unrealized potentialities, alive and a perfectly adequate matrix of mind. And mind can no longer be limited to "consciousness," for the latter is absolutely continuous with sub-conscious psychic states, voluntary actions are continuous with habit and instinct, memory and heredity are different expressions of one fundamental principle. The author's discussion of the popular subject of sub-consciousness is particularly illuminating as she points out the fallacy of making the subconscious into a separate self and endowing it with either supernatural or subnormal qualities; she rejects equally the myth-making of F. W. H. Myers and Hudson, on the one hand, and that of the Freudians on the other, and upholds the sensible view that the subconscious is simply mind minus the attribute of conscious attention. She shows that man's glory consists in functioning well as a representative part of a living universe rather than in any fancied possession of unnatural prerogatives. She regards evolution as "the most joyous of doctrines," not opposed to any legitimate religious hopes. Once or twice she ventures into technical metaphysical questions and flounders badly, but everywhere else the volume is marked by unusual insight and sanity. "Matter and Life" should be read by everyone interested —and who is not?—in the subject of which it treats.

INDUSTRIAL PSYCHOLOGY. By CHARLES S. MEYERS. People's Institute Publishing Co. 1925. $2.50.

This books is composed of a course of lectures delivered by Mr. Meyers at Columbia University in the summer of 1925. It is a report of experimental studies made by specialists of the Industrial Fatigue Research Board and the National Institute of Industrial Psychology in England.

"Industrial Psychology" is not a monograph. It is a collection of data with discussion of such matters as industrial fatigue, movement study, vocational guidance, and vocational selection. The relation shown to exist between fatigue and the attitude, posture, rhythmical movement and coördination of the movements of the worker is very important. The correlation of the results of specific tests with the rankings of workers made by foremen indicates the probable value of industrial psychology to both worker and employer. Besides the quantitive tests, estimates, not yet very exact, are made of temperamental qualities which affect work.

Certain observations of the author on intelligence testing are of interest to Americans who have followed the controversy centering around this subject in recent years. He concludes that there is no such thing as general, but only specific, "motor dexterity" or "practical ability," and that the concept of a factor of general intelligence is of doubtful validity. The book is well worth reading.

THE RIDDLE OF SOCIETY. By *Charles Platt*. Dutton. $2.

PSYCHOLOGY AND EDUCATION. By *Robert Morris Ogden*. Harcourt, Brace.

EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY. By *Mary Collins* and *James Drener*. Dutton. $3.25.

Poetry

OXFORD POETRY, 1925. Edited by PATRICK MONKHOUSE and CHARLES PLUMB. Appleton. 1926. $1.

This is perhaps the most impressive volume of Oxford poetry that has appeared since the years immediately following the war. There is nothing significant in the fact that it cannot compare very favorably with the annuals of 1920 and 1921. In those years it was possible to include some really notable poems by such well known names as Robert Graves, Robert Nichols, Edmund Blunden, and Edgell Rickwood, who, in their time, were considerably older than the average undergraduate poet of the normal Oxford generation. After 1922 preciosity and affectation marred most of the yearly collections. In the new volume much of this has disappeared. But the editors' preface more than counterbalances the loss. "Bootless it were gratuitously to re-embark upon that unseaworthy old vessel, the problem of representation"—so it begins and continues for two pages of high-falutin' rubbish. Luckily the level of the subsequent verse puts this abominable prose to shame. Mr. Harold Acton, the most promising of the twenty-two contributors, is still a little wobbly on his poetic feet. But he brings real enthusiasm into his verse which is sprinkled with bright passages frequently degraded by his obvious lack of humor.

Hysteria, guide us! Let our laughter heave,
Swell shriek on shriek, till it engender fear
Like peacocks in abandoned palaces
Whose sharp and melancholy discords ring
And rinse like lightning through the vaulted roofs
At sunset hour, when skies are smeared with blood.

The "clever young man" in him sometimes betrays his verse as in the last lines of "The Prodigal Son"—

He had acquired a preference to dine
On scraps among the confidential swine.

But there is much in his section of the volume to make a careful reader wish to increase his acquaintance with Mr. Acton's work.

Mr. Macleod's "Elegy on a Bank Clerk Drowned in the Sea" is by no means so prosaic as the title suggests. On the contrary the author reveals a sounder intention than almost any other contributor. He governs a loose and dangerous rhythm with surprisingly firm economy. In its context there is actually something very attractive in the disconcerting simile—

He had tasted
Too bitterly the marmalade of life:

But the best single poem in the book—it is not so ambitious as the long poems by Messrs. Acton and Macleod—is Mr. Monkhouse's "Midland Landscape." It deserves a place in some better anthology. The level of the remainder is by no means beneath notice. Mr. Plumb gives a philosophic, transcendental turn to some very brave stanzas in "Brasenose Old Quad," and Mr. Scott writes a commanding sonnet which is out-matched by one of the two women contributors, Miss Grylls. If Oxford can keep up to the general level of this past year's poetry Cambridge will have to look to its laurels.

SONGS FROM THE BRITISH DRAMATISTS. Edited by EDWARD BLISS REED. Yale University Press. 1926. $4.

ELIZABETHAN LYRICS. Edited by NORMAN AULT. Longmans, Green. 1926. $3.50.

Professor Reed's very entertaining anthology is compiled with a profusion of notes or remarkably generous lines. It covers nearly four centuries of British dramatic literature, beginning with a song that dates as far back as 1534 and ending with another taken from the "Will Shakespeare" of Miss Clemence Dane. The book is avowedly intended to cater to the needs of the student rather than those of the ordinary lover of poetry. Professor Reed has sought to represent as fully as possible all kinds of song incidental to the British drama. A collection of the best songs from the same sources would be very difierent in character. This accounts for the somewhat undiscriminating poetic choice throughout. The poetic level is very much lower than might be expected in such a book. Considered therefore as a convenient and fairly exhaustive book of reference the collection is open to several criticisms which would not apply to the usual kind of anthology in which the author's personal taste is the criterion of choice. There are many unjustifiable omissions which should certainly be corrected in any subsequent edition. "The Gentle Shepherd" of Allan Ramsay, perhaps the finest existing specimen of British pastoral drama, contains at least one song that should have found an honorable place in a book contining so mny inferior pieces. And surely there are songs in Flecker's "Hassan" surpassing all but the very best Professor Reed has printed. Miss Clemence Dane might very well have been excluded to make room for one who was not only a better poet, but also a better dramatist. Again, Thomas Hardy is badly represented by a single lyric from "The Queen of Cornwall" in view of several much superior songs in "The Dynasts." The complete absence of Shelley's name is also remarkable in a book thta includes more than one song taken from plays even less dramatically conceived than his "Hellas" and "Prometheus Unbound." These instances, which might be multiplied, are sufficient to mar the collection. They are particularly to be regretted in a book which nevertheless deserves to supersede all previous compilations of the same kind. It is only fair, however, to add that Professor Reed, who insists thta the play from which the songs are taken should have been performed, may possibly be ignortant of the fact that all the plays mentioned above have actually been presented on the English stage. This was a point on which he might very well have informed himself before making the exclusions. These strictures, however, detract very little from our debt of gratitude to the editor whose book deserves a place in every comprehensive library.

Mr. Norman Ault's anthology tempts one to write a long essay on the Elizabethan lyric for he has printed his selections in chronological order, an arrangement that invites prolonged criticism. It would not be easy to find better poetic value for three and a half dollars. It is the most satisfactory anthology of a great period.

Religion

A SHORT INTRODUCTION TO THE GOSPELS. By *Ernest D. Burton and Harold R. Willoughby*. University of Chicago Press. $1.75.

ESSAYS ON RELIGION. By *A. Clutton-Brock*. Dutton. $2.

GOD AND REALITY. By *Marshall Bowyer* STEWART. Longmans, Green. $2.

BOSTON IN SEVEN DAYS. By *C. R. Athearn*. McBride. $1.50 net.

AN AMATEUR IN AFRICA. By *C. Lestock Reid*. Adelphi. $5 net.

TWENTY YEARS IN BORNEO. By *Charles Bruce*. Stokes. $4.

THE NEWER DISPENSATION. By *Casper Butler*. Kokomo, Ind.: Newer Dispensation Publishing Co. $2.

THE SAMARITANS. By *Moses Gaster*. Oxford Press. $3.

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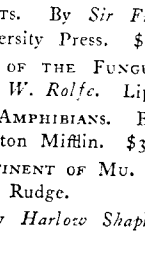

NIETZSCHE

"How he longed to be a sinner, this incorrigible saint!"

—From page 437 of

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Science

FAMOUS MEN OF SCIENCE. By SARAH K. BOLTON. Illustrated. Crowell. 1926. $2.

In this new and enlarged edition of Mrs. Bolton's book, chapters have been added bringing the scientists represented almost up to the present time, from the day of Copernicus to that of Fabre and Kelvin. The series of studies is arranged chronologically and in each case the author's aim has been to give a portrait of her subject, his personality, and character rather than to list dry facts. The faint flavor of sentimentality that at times affects her style does not detract from the pleasure of reading—it rather points the author's personal interest in the character she is treating and helps to "put it over."

THE NEED FOR EUGENIC REFORM. By *Major Leonard Darwin*. Appleton.

LIFE OF PLANTS. By *Sir Frederick Keeble*. Oxford University Press. $1.75.

THE ROMANCE OF THE FUNGUS WORLD. By *C. T.* and *F. W. Rolfe*. Lippincott. $3.50.

REPTILES AND AMPHIBIANS. By *Thomas Barbour*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

THE LOST CONTINENT OF MU. By *Col. James Churchward*. Rudge.

STARLIGHT. By *Harlow Shapley*. Doran. $1 net.

THE GOSPEL OF EVOLUTION. By *J. Arthur Thomson*. Putnams. $2.

THE NEW NATURAL HISTORY. By *Arthur Thomson*. Putnams. $6.

THE ROMANCE OF COMETS. By *Mary Procter*. Harpers. $2.50.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A BALANCED RATION

APOSTATE. By FORREST REID (Houghton Mifflin).

MY ANTONIA. By WILLA CATHER (Knopf).

ON ENGLAND. By STANLEY BALDWIN (Stokes).

G. H. H., New York, asks for biography to be read aloud by a small group of men and women.

AS I do not know what this group has already read, I keep to newly published biographies, the more readily because there has been a recent upheaval in methods of treatment of a man's life in books, which makes some of this year's biographical studies especially stimulating for group-reading. What could be a more attractive choice than André Maurois's "Mape" (Appleton)? Here are three studies of escapes from environment into the world of art, of which two are, as biography, thoroughly reliable sketches of characters whose lives are on record, but whose motives and impulses must be felt rather than inferred, by one who understands not only the evidence in their cases, but the exquisite delicacies with which the artist in general massages, to get away from the complications of living into the serenity of life. I believe that Goethe has here as nearly a dispassionate presentation as he is likely to receive, and I doubt if anyone will again attempt to tell the tragic story of Mrs. Siddons, now that it has been told, one feels, as it was known at the time only to Mrs. Siddons and the Creator. This book M. Maurois outlined to me more than a year ago, and it has been no easy matter to keep from talking about it until the time was ripe and its priceless introduction given to the world: even now I wish that he had used the original plan for its contents instead of taking for the second section the delightful but somewhat unrelated "Mr. Balzac's Fault," which is not biography but fiction. Indeed it appeared some time before "Ariel," in French of course, privately printed, and is now an item for collectors.

There is another French biography, recently translated, "Franz Liszt" (Holt), by Guy de Pourtales, with the discreet subtitle "Homme d' Amour," which may be held up as an ideal to those who would write the lives of musicians. It is as nearly as maybe a complete success with a subject with which it has been easy to fail, for Liszt's life as composer, virtuoso, lover, friend, and perhaps most of all as Catholic, is not so much many-sided as woven of many strands, and to choose only one of them for a biography would be to unravel his personality. How remarkable this book is will be best appreciated by those who have read other books in its field, but it is bound to impress anyone interested in music or love-affairs with its subtleties in either department.

Lorine Pruette's "Stanley Hall: the Biography of a Mind" (Appleton) is another unusual and unusually stimulating work. If the later chapters seem to me more valuable it is because I find in them a summing-up, in terms of actual experience, of the values of a religion based on evolution, and the attitude of one whose idea of immorality was that of "the survival guaranteed by chemistry and physics," as he approaches his eighties. This I can best indicate by Pruette's statement that he "managed to light his last cigar with the air of one who had never had so good a smoke before." This will give, better than anything I can say, an idea of the tonic quality of the work.

"Edgar Allan Poe," by Joseph Wood Krutch (Knopf), is, as the subtitle says, a study in genius: read aloud, it not only induces discussion upon the theories involved, but what is of the utmost importance in the biography of a poet, it induces reading his poetry. I have already strongly recommended the reading aloud of "Microbe Hunters," by Paul de Kruif (Harcourt, Brace), as authoritative in its information as it is thrilling in treatment, giving the general reader an idea of the price paid by research science for life, liberty and pursuit of happiness; I have constantly called out for the inclusion of Carl Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln" (Harcourt, Brace), in every American home library. But I have had no opportunity until now to say how rich a treasure lies in "The Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh" (Macmillan), what fun, what understanding of life and of literature, what refreshment for that spirit.

E. S., Cedar Rapids, Ia., asks if it is a book that is referred to on page 172 of my "Reader's Guide Book" (Holt) as a "name-key," and if so, where may it be bought.

THIS is not the first time I have told correspondents, through the mail, that the reference to a "name-key" in this chapter, which deals with the pronunciation of the names of living authors, is to the custom of referring such matters to this section of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, where they are resolved as called for. There has been a lull lately; either writers have easier names or readers are getting the hang of them by themselves: the only inquiry this month has been for the pronunciation of M. Maurois's book above-mentioned, "Mape" (Appleton), which is taken along the line of least resistance, to rhyme with cape. The French reader has a harder time of it, for in an effort to reproduce the vowel sound of M. Maurois's little daughter's personal language the title has to appear "Meipe," with two dots over the i.

N.K., Minneapolis, Minn., is searching for a book which tells how rescues from the gutter have been made by the Salvation Army and "gospel missions," whose street-corner conversations he has been watching. It is much like "Twice Born Men," but the cases are not fictionized.

THERE are two English publications of this sort, both obtainable from the Salvationist Publishing Co., Ltd., 117 Judd St., King's Cross, London. "Broken Earthernware" is one, the other "The Angel Adjutant." Much could also be gathered from General Booth's latest book "Echoes and Memories."

M. N., New York, is interested in old English ballads.

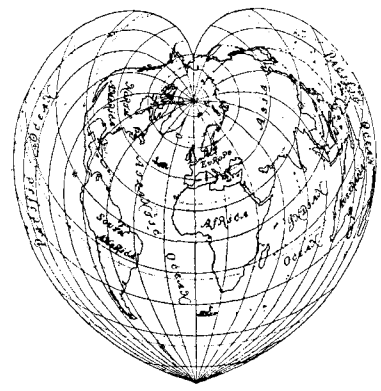
THERE has been lately published by the Harvard University Press the first critical edition of a collection of English popular ballads originally printed in 1578: "A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions," edited by Hyder Rollins. This notice will make anyone who loves balladry prick up his ears. There is no end to the delights of a gentle and unhurried interest in ballads; a book published by the Princeton University Press called "The Quest of the Ballad" would give an outsider an idea of the charm of field-work, and as for the delver in libraries, he never knows what jewel he may come upon. For that matter, a taste for old music is always a source of innocent delight; I have spent golden hours this rainy British summer with a three-volume collection of French madrigals, popular songs, brunettes, and the like, collected by Wekerlin, published by Durand, Place de la Madeleine, Paris, and called "Echos du Temps Passé." Played upon an instrument called the dulcitone, which looks something like a clavecin and sounds something like a harp, even the neighbors profess to be pleased. Correspondents who last summer compared notes upon hobbies may be interested in this report.

THE Italy-America Society has for some time replied to inquiries about Italy, especially from travellers; these have at last overflowed their equipment and will from now on be referred to the New York office of the Italian State Tourist Department, 749 Fifth Avenue. The service rendered is non-commercial; art and music students find it valuable.

I. S. D., Palestine, Tex., asks for an interesting book of travel to be read aloud.

"THE Venture Book," by Elinor Mordaunt (Appleton), would make Ahasuerus think he had lived a sedentary life. This is the story of the travels in the South Seas of an Englishwoman with the faculty of getting into the midst of things, wherever she may be. Mrs. Mordaunt's life-story as sent out by her publishers, should put new life into people with poor health. If you are given up to die, the moral seems to be, get on a boat and go somewhere a long way off: you may dodge *pallida mors* altogether, and life, while you are dodging, will have a peculiar brilliancy.

(*Continued on next page*)



AS a literary journal we know that nothing is more unjustifiable than lifting words out of their context, and using them for purposes for which they were never intended. And yet we are about to commit this sin. For we are determined to quote Sir Thomas Browne's "this visible world is but a picture of the invisible" to our own ends. And the ends are the globe at the head of the column and the coupon at the bottom.

This visible world portrayed above (and may the spirit of Sir Thomas forgive us the distortion of his intention) is the picture of that invisible one to which the Saturday Review goes and from which it draws its contributors. Much notable material has come to us from overseas. Not many months ago we published under that sign of the ship which denotes whimsical or picturesque excursions outside of the field of reviewing, an article by Stella Benson which came all the way from Lung Ching Tsun in Manchuria. Before it and since we have run such contributions from abroad as essays by John Galsworthy, Virginia Wolff, Rebecca West, Hilaire Belloc, reviews by Count Keyserling, Richard Aldington, Harold J. Laski, letters by Maurice Bourgeois, Aldo Sorani, Henri Hertz, Julian Sternberg, Bernard Fay.

We paused here to inspect our lists and we find we are at the bottom of our column. We could fill many more with names of interesting reviewers. But perhaps you or some friend of yours would enjoy coming upon them unexpectedly in the pages of the Saturday Review. If you have a friend you think might be interested in reading discerning articles both by Americans and foreigners, won't you jot down his name and address on the coupon below?

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Points of View

A New Collins Letter

Through the courtesy of Mr. Gabriel Wells we print the following letter from Wilkie Collins which has just come into Mr Wells's possession.

London,
3rd May, 1884.

My dear sir:—

I am sure I need not tell you that your kind letter has pleased and encouraged me. You are known to me already by name—and your favorable opinion is one of the rewards of my literary career which I honestly prize.

Your estimate of the value of the last new school of novel-writing is my estimate too. We are living in a period of "Decline and fall" in the art of writing fiction. To allude to your country alone, when I read for the hundredth time "The Deerslayer," or "The Red Rover"—and when I find myself yawning over the last new work of (let us say) Mr. Blank, the enormous depth of the literary downfall in which I find myself plunged, does really astonish me. In this country, we have lately lost one of the "last of the Romans"—my dear old friend Charles Reade. I look out for the new writer, among us, who is to fill that vacant place—and I fail to see him. Like the hero of old Dumas's magnificent story ("Monte-Cristo"), we must say to each other: "Wait, and hope." Art, as you have no doubt remarked, is above the operation of the ordinary laws of supply and demand. The influences which produce great—and I will even say good—writers, are entirely beyond the reach of human investigation. It may be hundreds of years, or it may be only hundreds of days, before another Fenimore Cooper appears in America, or another Walter Scott in England. I call these two—and Balzac—the three Kings of Fiction.

I am sure I need not say that I shall receive your Poems gratefully, as one more proof of your friendly feeling towards me, and towards my stories.

Believe me, with esteem and regard,
Most truly yours,
WILKIE COLLINS.

To
Mr. Paul Hamilton Hayne.

My health varies a great deal. Gout and work and age (I was sixty years old in January last) try to persuade me to lay down my pen, after each new book—but, well or ill, I go on—and I am now publishing periodically), a new story, with the quaint title of "I Say No," which I hope may interest you when it is finished.

Julian Street's Art

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In the Review of May 22, writing of the O. Henry Memorial Prize Stories of 1925, a reviewer said:

> If the word mediocrity had not existed for a depressing number of centuries, some one would surely have invented it to describe Mr. (Julian) Street's story of his little merchant ('Mr. Bisbee's Princess'), and Mr. Williams's. . . .

De gustibus non etc. It profits even less to argue about distastes.

Mr. Street's "little merchant" is accurately, sympathetically, and delicately conceived. If however one lack the experience of life to know that there can be such men, and that a spirit of fine romance and idealism can stir in them, even though futilely, one will not understand either the character or the interpretation of it.

Mr. Street both deftly and delicately suggests and reveals the character and feelings of his "little merchant," and of the others in his story. If however one's taste does not run in the direction of deft and delicate suggestion and revelation, one will not pause to note the presence of such art and artistry.

Mr. Street uses words simply, economically, with a sure sense of their fitness and a sincere art. He both can conceive a fine and moving story and present it with distinction in language that itself gives pleasure. If however, one lack interest in excellence in style, he will not be moved to appreciation by stylistic quality in what he reads.

Mr. Street has a sense for realities; his understanding of human nature goes deeper than the shell; it is not merely keen, it is sympathetic; he is capable of nuances; he can handle a significant conception at once with delicacy, sureness, and firmness. He is of our times, but without having been whirled into extremes and crudities of writing and thinking such as are a by-product of the times. He is not just an expert devizer of market goods. Not only because of his unmistakable ability and artistry, but because of the artist-conscience with which he has been blessed—or perhaps from the money-making viewpoint, cursed—he is among the writers deserving to be respected and admired.

Readers might borrow their comment from President Lincoln and ask what brand of mediocrity Mr. Street uses.

ROBERT W. NEAL.

Springfield, Mass.

Paul Bunyan Stories

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I greatly enjoyed Ernest Sutherland Bates's "American Folk-Lore," but I must record my objection to his characterization of the original Paul Bunyan stories as "Rabelaisian." In the original they are never bawdy and obscene. The shanty boys kept them pure for a good reason, as I can illustrate:

Seeing a greenhorn in camp, the shanty bard would, for example, start an account of the capacity of Babe, the big blue ox, for hay. The harvesting, the baling, the freighting of the bales to Paul's camp. All painstakingly described. The feeding of Babe. The "hay landing" above the stable. The rollways and the rolling crews. Babe gulping the bales, wires and all, as fast as they reached him. Six picaroonists digging the haywire from between his teeth. And so on, solemnly and at length, until—

"But what in thunder did they do with all the manure?" the greenhorn would ask. And, grave as a deacon, the bard would reply:

"They warn't never any."

I have heard that at least fifty times. The genuine plain American story teller always avoids the obvious. Always. There is Jim Bridger's famous yarn, for example, in which he narrated his terrific battle with a Shoshone chief. It ended with the chief bending him back over the edge of a precipice, with the blade of his hunting knife an inch from the old scout's throat. At this point Bridger would pause to clear his throat and spit.

"And then what happened?" the tenderfoot would ask.

"And then—*the Injun killed me!*"

As Mr. Bates infers, the stories of the logging camps, and the ballads of the cow country are not genuine folk-lore. Paul Bunyan is a mythical figure, the creation of many generations of camp men, and of many nationalities. There are only a few anecdotes that can be authentically traced beyong the nineties, when the "inventor of logging" had his best fame. Before that time he was more of an actual figure, just as Joe Mufraw is now. I traced the stories, however, to the Papineau Rebellion of 1837, and found the original hero. Mr. Victor Shawe, of Boise, Idaho, whose stories have appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* for seven years, has verified my discoveries from sources other than mine.

But there is no body of definite Paul Bunyan stories. The myth is in the camps, and a few sample key stories, and the characters; and every bard uses a free will and a free fancy with them. I have never heard a complete story exactly retold. There is no lumberjack vernacular, for the lumberjacks come from all nations. Here in the Northwest there is "logger talk," a large vocabulary peculiar to the woods, but it is expressed variously. The writer must use "Paul Bunyan" as the bard does—as an original pattern for the weaving of his own notions and his own prose.

In Mr. Mackaye's "Tall Tales from the Kentucky Mountains" there is genuine folk-lore. As Mr. Bates says, "in the South the mountains were settled long before the railroads came, and have remained real barriers to outsiders. The inhabitants . . . had plenty of time in the long winter evenings for the weaving of tales, and they were ignorant enough to do it well." All living in an unchanging fashion, all using an unchanging speech, untouched by foreign ideas and fancies, the mountain men's stories naturally grew into permanent form.

Mr. Mackaye's task was to write them as he heard them. It needed a keen, patient ear, and a first-rate power to write speech into words for success. Knowing the Northwestern colonies of Southern mountain men, I believe Mr. Mackaye has succeeded as well with Sol Shell as Joel Chandler Harris did with Uncle Remus. He has mined some handsome new nuggets for folk-lore for us.

His work should not be confused with the fragmentary myths and legends of America which are exactly that and no more.

JAMES STEVENS.

Scholasticism Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In his recent letter in answer to my review of "The Story of Philosophy," Mr. Will Durant gives several strange reasons for according less than a page in that admirable work to mediæval scholasticism which, as a mere matter of fact and quite regardless of its merits, exercised a more powerful influence on western thought and culture than any other post-Greek philosophy has ever done. That Mr. Durant was partially deterred from giving this movement its due place in his story by "the unintelligibility" of the writers seems to indicate an unnecessary modesty considering his successful hardihood in regard to Kant and Hegel; of all men, Mr. Durant has shown himself supremely able to pierce beneath technical subleties to the underlying human issues. The plea that scholasticism lacked "sufficient material of contemporary interest" is hardly more satisfactory: Mr. Durant's volume is particularly meritorious in avoiding the introduction of ephemeral material and relying upon the enduring interest of fundamental philosophical problems. Finally, his argument that "the scholastics belong rather to the history of theology than to the story of philosophy, since their ultimate explanations in cosmology and their ultimate bases in ethics were supernatural" is purely specious. "Supernatural" is a vague word which might be equally well applied to Platonic Ideas, Spinozistic Substance, and the Hegelian Absolute; if mediæval cosmology was based on "supernaturalism," then so was Aristotles' from which it was derived; if every system that takes serious cognizance of God and the soul had been dismissed from the story as "theological" there would have been little philosophy left. Scholasticism distinguished between the two more clearly than Mr. Durant has done. Philosophy in which, according to Aquinas, "the argument from authority is the weakest of arguments," was, in mediævalism as elsewhere, based upon reason and the evidence of the senses, supplemented by critical tradition; it did not discuss theological dogmas but the meaning of knowledge, the world, life, and conduct—precisely the main themes of philosophy today. That Mr. Durant neglected all this I ascribed to ignorance; apparently I was wrong and it should be attributed, in his own word, to "prejudice"—a very natural prejudice arising from a too exclusive diet of scholasticism in a Jesuit college. This seems a pity, as it probably means that he will never write that fascinating chapter of the story telling how Aristotelianism was revived after a thousand years by the scholastics and then modified to express the cultural ideas of one of the greatest periods of history.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

The Readers' Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

B. K., Medfield, Mass., asks on behalf of a friend of mature years, for a history of France which concerns itself more with its philosophic development than with its chapters of tragedy, or, as she phrases it, "without too much blood in it."

JACQUES BAINVILLE'S "History of France," running through 125 editions in a single year in France, has lately been published here in an English translation by Appleton, and I advise this inquirer to pass it on to the home student whose wants he seeks to supply. But as he does so, let him point out, as Portia did, that if you want live flesh, blood goes along with it, and that history in France has never been anæmic. Nor has her philosophic development proceeded without bloodshed, for the French have a disconcerting way of putting philosophy to work, instead of leaving it for philosophers to play with. And philosophy is almost certain, when it gets into politics, to bring about revolutions.

M. G. S., Boston, Mass., asks if anything has been published since Myers's "Human Personality," which is of this Book's high standing, and which gives the present position of students of psychical matters on evidence of individual survival after death.

"THERE are various books of high standing in Psychical Research since Myers's 'Human Personality' but none comparable to that one in its scope and treatment," says J. Malcolm Bird, to whom, as Research Officer of the American Society for Psychical Research, I referred this matter. "This is largely because the general trend is away from the spirit interpretation and toward an explanation which involves hidden powers of the human organism, plus elaborate impersonation by the human subconsciousness. The most recent book along this line and probably the most important one that has yet appeared is Sudré's 'Introduction a la Métapsychique Humaine,' published by Payot, Paris."

The American branch of this society is at 15 Lexington avenue, New York, all its current and back publications are on sale to non-members as well as to members, and while they do not issue general recommendations as to reading, I am sure that inquirers who write to them concerning books or problems will be answered. It is a responsibility that I would gladly transfer. There is, for instance, no possible doubt of the good faith, the complete sincerity, of Conan Doyle's two-volume "History of Spiritualism," just published in England. But the evidence, documentary and otherwise, on which it rests, cannot be "checked" as if it were, let us say, a history of Camden, New Jersey.

G. H. B., Lafayette, Indiana, asks if there has been a textbook on orchestration since Berlioz that goes into the subject at least as thoroughly.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF'S "Principles of Orchestration" is published in English and with J. Lyon's "Practical Guide to the Modern Orchestra" should be in this student's library, which might well include also Dyson's "The New Music," and Weissmann's "Problems of Modern Music." All these may be ordered through any large music store.

B. A. C., Washington, D. C., asks for books on archæology, describing methods and results in our hemisphere as well as in the old world.

"THE Romance of Excavation," by David Masters (Dodd, Mead), describes in detail and with convincing thrills methods of uncovering the past in Egypt Babylon, Crete, Troy, and elsewhere. Another excavation book covering much territory in a fascinating way is J. Baikie's "Life of the Ancient East" (Macmillan); both are illustrated. Add to these "Prehistoric Man," by J. M. De Morgan (Knopf) and "Man and his Past," by O. G. S. Crawford (Oxford). There is a super-picture-book called "Wonders of the Past" (Putnam) which seems to me one of the best investments that can be made for a family library: four large volumes, text by experts, type large and clear, information authoritative, concerning architecture, sculpture, and decoration discovered in Egypt, Greece, and Rome, India, Java, Yucatan—all over the world—with full-page colored pictures from photographs. When these were coming out last year, I stopped work each day that one appeared until I had browsed through the book.

There is a special literature of American excavation, to which has been lately added another volume by Thomas Gann, "Mystery Cities" (Scribner), to go with his "In an Unknown Land" (Scribner). These are concerned with the mysterious Mayas, whose remains of magnificence arouse, even at long range and through the medium of books, an interest rising to excitement. I defy anyone with a grain of imagination to examine even the photographs of their basreliefs and not get excited. "The City of the Sacred Well," by T. A. Willard (Century), is a new book telling some of the patient dredgings and diggings that go on for so long without result and all at once reveal unimagined riches. "Maya Architecture," by George Oakley Totten (Maya Press. Washington, D. C.), is mainly pictures, some in color, with accompanying text. "Tulum: an achæological study of the East Coast of Yucatan," by Samuel Kirkland Lothrop (Carnegie Foundation), describes the first great aboriginal metropolis seen by Europeans, and other sites also. "Inca Land," by Hiram Bingham (Houghton Mifflin), is the bset-known of this list to the general public; it combines travel and archæology in a copiously illustrated volume. This inquirer will be interested also in the publications of the American Museum of Natural History, New York City.

Despite the vast amount of material that exists on Voltaire, M. F. Vézinet in his "Autour de Voltaire" (Paris: Champion), manages to cast new light on certain episodes in his career, and even illustrates his statements with some hitherto unpublished documents. The most important part of the new material he has unearthed bears upon Voltaire's relations with his lawyer.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

IIGH PRICES OF AUTOGRAPHS

THERE is no more outstanding feature of collecting of literary material than the reat increase in value of literary and his-›rical autograph letters and manuscripts uring the last quarter of a century. The ngle signature of Button Gwinnett, Signer f the Declaration of Independhence from eorgia, brought more money in the recent Ianning sale than the several important ›llections sold in the season of 1894-1895, ıe first year reported in "The American ook Prices Current." Walter R. Benjamin, f this city and publisher of *The Collector*, ıs been an autograph dealer during this ıtire period and is able to speak from his wn observation and experience. He is ıore or less amazed at the great increase ı values and is frank enough to state that e does not know whether they are justified r not, but he is quite sure that we are not kely to see lower prices for excessively ıre and desirable material. His point of iew will be of interest to all autograph col-ctors of today. Mr. Benjamin says:

"Autograph collectors of the past have enerally been men of moderate incomes, ·ith no large sums of money to spend on ıeir hobby. They would pick up the low riced items wanted, when they found them, ıd occasionally, at flush moments, treat ıemselves to the higher priced items. They ttended the auction sales and when a desired em went too high for their purse, let it o, hoping for a future chance. Anything ver $25 was considered high priced. I ave sold scores of letters of Washington, ·incoln, and Franklin for $25, and Hamton rarely ran above $5. John Paul Jones t $40, and Poe at $50, were the limit of ·travagance.

"Of late years men of great wealth have een attracted to autograph sales and they ave driven auction prices, through competi-on, to very high levels. Where the end ; to be no one knows. As a rule letters ın be bought more cheaply from dealers, than at auction. The average wealthy buyer, however, often prefers to buy at auction, thinking that he is saving money by doing so. He does not know the current values of autographs and, in reality, relies on the judgment of his competitor, who may be as ignorant as himself. Autograph dealers buy little at auctions as they can buy more cheaply at private sale.

"Auctions do a great deal to fix current prices. After a $5 autograph has sold several times at $25, a dealer naturally advances his price on the item, as sellers demand more money for it. Newspapers give much space to reports of autograph sales, and generally quote the higher and more interesting prices. These prices may be accidental and not likely to be repeated, but it leads the owner of old letters to imagine them all to be very valuable, and he prices items accordingly. Bidders at auction are often carried away by the exictement of competition, and bid higher than the autograph warrants. They do not feel this excitement in the dealer's office, but are apt to be critical. When a dealer offers them a dozen specimens of a good name for selection, it makes that name seem rather less rare and valuable. Mere rarity does not entitle an autograph to any great value. The personal or historical interest of the writer is the first thing. If it is great, then the question of rarity comes in, and if there are not enough to go round, up goes the prices through competition.

"There seems to be little prospect of any lowering of prices in the autograph market. Our country grows richer every day, and great fortunes accumulate. When a multimillionaire wants a thing, he is willing to pay a big price for it. More agents have been blamed for passing an item as too high priced, than praised for their conservatism. High prices run in streaks, sometimes it is presidents, then signers, then British literary, Napoleona, one never knows when it will break out in a new spot.

"Perhaps high prices are warranted. I don't know. The future will show."

NEW INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE

THE American Historical Association has just announced the permanent organization of historians of nineteen nations, including the principal allied countries together with Russia, Germany, and Austria, into the International Committee of Historical Sciences to advance the aims of historical scholarship. A contribution of $25,000 from the Laura Spellman Rockefeller Fund made possible the new international organization, a project fostered by the American Historical Association since the Brussels Congress of 1923. The first congress of the international body will be held in Oslo, Norway, in 1928, the second probably in Warsaw, Poland, in 1933, and others at five-year intervals. The new committee is already planning a year book of historical bibliography and an official bulletin. The first governing board will meet in Paris next Fall. Provisional headquarters will be established in Washington, though the secretarial department of the organization will function from the Institute of International Coöperation of the League of Nations in Paris.

NEW DISCOVERIES REPORTED.

A FULL account of Columbus's last voyage to America, with a roster of his crews, their salaries and important happenings of the trip, is said by Dr. Rudolph Schuler, archæologist, to be contained in documents and manuscripts discovered by him in Central America, and brought to Tulane University, New Orleans, with a view to their publication. In addition to the documents giving unpublished accounts of Columbus's last voyage, Dr. Schuler seeks aid in the publication of a treatise on Central American Indians and a work on the ancient Maya dialect. He also has prepared a treatise on the vanishing aboriginal language of the Republic of San Salvador. Before engaging in Latin-American research Dr. Schuler spent many years in archæological work in Greece and Rome, and later was professor of ethnology and linguistics at the University of Mexico. He accompanied Theodore Roosevelt on his famous trip through the heart of the Brazilian jungles, acting in the capacity of scientific adviser.

NOTE AND COMMENT

BIRKBECK HILL'S monumental edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," which has been out of print for some years, is being revised with a view to republication by the Oxford University Press.

One hundred and one French women have organized the first "Women's Bibliophile Society," to demonstrate that they have a proper appreciation of rare and fine books, and propose to print a book a year and to make it a model of good typography and fine illustration.

A set of the works of Joseph Conrad is being specially bound for Doubleday, Page & Co. by the French binders, a group of artist craftsmen who came to America some years ago to do fine binding for several Grolier Club collectors, and more recently have been connected with the Country Life Press. The books are being bound in sea-blue French levant with silk linings, and each volume bears on the side a mosaic design in inlaid colored leathers symbolic of the tale of that particular volume. Only a part of the edition has yet been completed, but it is already apparent that the set will be a beautiful specimen of the bookbinder's art.

The interesting old library formed by Robert Bull, a contemporary of Thomas Pennant and Horace Walpole with whom he was on friendly terms, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, sold at Sotheby's, in London, June 28 and 29, brought £6,312. He was one of the first collectors of grangerized books and there were several fine examples in this sale, among them, Burnet's "History of His Own Time," 1724-34; extended from two to eight large folio volumes by the insertion of several hundred engraved portraits, views, and drawings, which brought $1,380; Lord Macartney's "Authentic Account of an Embassy from the King of Great Britain to the Emperor of China," 1798, extended to five large folio volumes, £245; and Walpole's "Catalogue of Royal and Noble authors of England," 1759, extended to four folio volumes, with hundreds of portraits and water color drawings by Joseph Strutt, G. P. Harding and others, £720.

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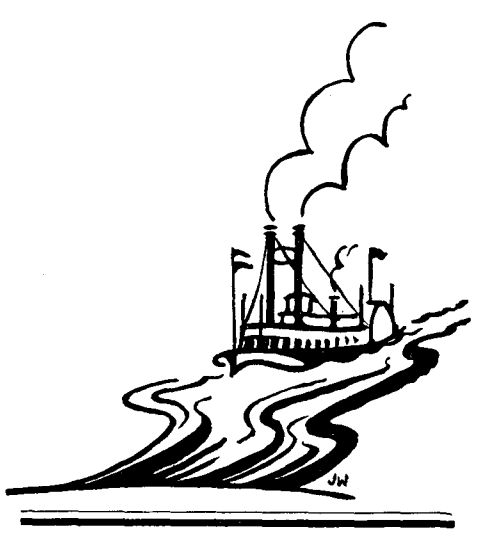

The Phoenix Nest

WE know, of course, that *Rupert Hughes* is slated to appear with a biography of *George Washington*, but now we understand that *W. E. Woodward* has done something in that line in "George Washington: The Image and The Man" to be sponsored by *Horace Liveright* on October first. Horace Liveright is enthusiastic over "its picture of the times, its richly philosophic content and its charm of style." . . .

At last a collection of short stories by *Barry Benefield*, who wrote "The Chicken-Wagon Family," will appear with the beginning of the Century Company's fall season. "Short Turns" is the title, and fourteen tales are included. . . .

A new fall book for children by *A. A. Milne*, ten-striker with "When We Were Very Young," is "Winnie-the-Pooh," which is all about the favorite Big Bear of *Christopher Robin*. *E. H. Shepard* again inimitably illustrates these stories and poems. . . .

Of course Doctor Dolittle, *Hugh Lofting's* improvisation, goes on. "Doctor Dolittle's Caravan" is on Stokes's fall list. The animal-loving doctor is also said to have a living prototype in *Mr. George Getz* who has a private zoo on his farm in Michigan. Mr. Getz left New York recently with an elephant, two tigers, two leopards, a panther, an ocelot, and a python to add to the two hundred animals he has already collected. . . .

Robert W. Chambers in the meanwhile (how he keeps on!) has been telling the truth about *Captain Kidd* in "The Man They Hanged" (Appleton). It seems that an investigation of contemporary documents has revealed the fact that Kidd never was a pirate at all. Bang goes another illusion! Mr. Chambers, of course, as you know, has often written rattling historical romances. . . .

We are told that, since January first 1926, nearly two hundred thousand dollars in prizes has been offered in various competitions to writers of this country. An instance of the single offers is the recent one by *The Woman's Home Companion* and the new John Day Company. This is of $25,000 for the best-written, most interesting novel by a man and a like sum for such a novel produced by a woman. The winning authors will receive not only the prizes but book royalties as well, and will also retain all motion picture, dramatic, second serial, and foreign translation rights. Manuscripts are to be entered under pseudonyms. . . .

H. G. Wells has now crowned his fiction with a real honest-to-Gawd two-volume novel, "The World of William Clissold," coming in September. Clissold is "a modern energetic liberal type oppressed by the dispersed ineffectiveness of modern liberal ideas in the face of reactionary and destructive forces." Get your five dollars ready! . . .

H. Elaine Boylan of Oklahoma City sends us a little ditty which she thinks might have a niche in American Railroadana. (She must have heard how much of a fan we are for "Casey Jones.")

It is a favorite among railroad hands (she writes) in this part of the country and is sung in a hybrid tone that is a cross between that of a negro's and a Tennessee mountaineer's:

THE WRECK OF THE OLD "97"

They gave him his orders at Minceburg,
Virginia,
Saying: "Pete, you're way behind time.
This is not '38' but it's Old '97,'
You must put her in Center on time."

Well, it's a tough old road 'tween Minceburg and Denval,
Lying on a three-mile grade.
'Twas on this grade that he lost his average
And you see what a mess he made.

He was going down a hill making ninety miles an hour
When his whistle broke into a scream,
And they found him in the wreck with his hand on the throttle
Scalded to death by the steam.

Now la-a-adies you must take warning
From this time and evermore:
Never speak harsh words of your true love or husband—
He may leave you and never return.

James L. Renshaw, who severed his connection with *Pascal Covici*, the Chicago publisher, on the first of May last, is now associated with the Druid Press of Chicago which sells its books to subscribers in a *de luxe*-bound library edition, autographed and numbered, fifteen days before they are put on the market in an ordinary edition. As we make it, the idea of the Druid Press is to publish a volume a month in this way. In a bookstore these books will cost $2.50 a copy, but you can subscribe for a year for fifteen dollars and thus get the special library edition of all of them for $1.25 apiece. . . .

Frederick A. Stokes and Simon and Schuster, in co-operation, are inaugurating a new scheme for poetry. Stokes is bringing out a series of pamphlet reprints of the outstanding British poets called "The Augustan Books of Modern Poetry," while the Simon and Schuster series is called "The Pamphlet Poets" and will contain work of the most distinguished American poets. Each pamphlet in both series will retail at twenty-five cents and consist of thirty-two pages. . . .

One of the women poets in America whose delicate and beautiful work we always look for is *Winifred Welles*. And the following from her pen pleased us so much when we saw it recently in *The Commonweal* that we shall certainly quote it here:

BUSY FLAME

Oh, child, with what a will
You keep from being still!
How bonelessly you bend,
How tensely reascend—
Five fingers stretch, five fingers close,
One hand a starfish, one a rose.

My head is in a whirl
To see each antic curl
On yours point up and prance
An individual dance—
Wistful, I watch and never tire,
Still as a dog before a fire!

. . . From the Hestwood Studios at Carmel-by-the-Sea has come to us a juvenile called "Gawpy," verse and music by *Harold K. Hestwood*, decorations by *Robert W. Hestwood*. The large flat pages, like the cover, are adorned with most remarkable woodcuts of a bird something like a pelican and reveal a new comic draughtsman of real ability. . . .

The most interesting book we have read recently is one now four years old (as always happens with us), "The Enormous Room," by *E. E. Cummings*. He has a power of comic—as well as of tragic—understatement which we find absorbing. We have looked through his latest volume of poems, "Is 5" (Liveright), and there is some decidedly good comic relief in that. In fact we are not at all sure that Cummings is not best as an ironic humorist, or a humorous ironist, whichever you wish. But do not be advised to run away with the idea that "The Enormous Room" is a comic work. Hardly. . . .

We regret that we ever even mentioned the now utterly and entirely exploded rumor that Hearst had any designs upon either the *Atlantic* or the *Century*. They are both booming along under their own steam and will be, for many years to come. We thought so. . . .

John V. A. Weaver recently returned from Hollywood, reporting that he had written an original scenario about the trials and misfortunes of a clerk. *King Vidor* will direct the film for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. John called his concoction "John R. Doe." And now he has gone to Europe to collect material for a slapstick comedy. . . .

And we've just read "Nigger Heaven," which is officially out on August 20th. It's a book you can't lay down. It positively crackles with life. For the sophisticated, yes,—but certainly the persistence of the idea that Van Vechten is merely a dilletante carver of cherrystones is incredibly stupid. That idea should have been shattered into bits by "The Tattooed Countess." This writer is capable of achieving the effects he sets out to achieve—and that is to say a great deal. He has outgrown most of his mannerisms. There is a certain slyness about some of his writing that enrages the forthright. It is not obtrusive in this tale. And with what a sure hand he has painted his backgrounds. His craftsmanship is altogether admirable. . . .

We exult to see a job well done. Van Vechten does not give you a sweet story but he gives you a real one, a memorable one. And he knows how to write it. He has satisfactorily employed new material. "Firecrackers" was, to us, an interlude. With "Nigger Heaven" the author "comes back." It is as satisfying to watch his skill in narrative as it is to view Bill Johnston's forehand drive or Carpentier doing the Charleston. . . . We have spoken.

THE PHOENICIAN.

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